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The long trek

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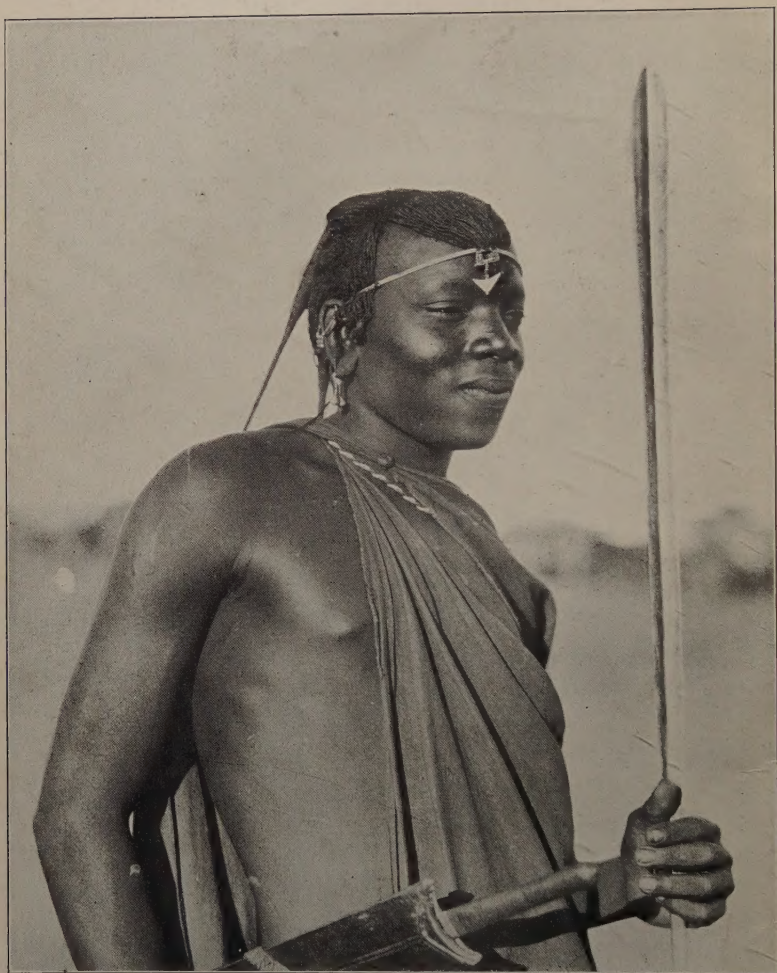
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A MERRY MASAI WARRIOR OF THE NGONG HILLS

THE LONG TREK

Around the World with Camera and Rifle

BY

RICHARD L. SUTTON, M.D., Sc.D., LL.D., F.R.S. (Edin.)

Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society; Member of the
French Geographical Society; Professor of
Dermatology, University of Kansas

*With more than two hundred illustrations,
from photographs made by the author*

AND BY

RICHARD L. SUTTON, JR., A.M., B.Sc., M.D.

Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society



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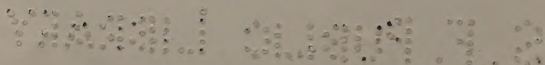
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TO
THE AFRICAN PIONEER

"They tithe their herbs, and they count their tally,
Choosing a word that a phrase may live,
But ye cast down in the hungry valley,
All that a man can give."

Preface

This brief narrative is really the story of a birthday party.

Many years before, I had promised my young son that when he attained his majority, provided his college and university records warranted it, we would indulge in a real celebration.

For more than a decade we had hunted and fished together in the Middle West, in the West, in Texas, in Mexico, in Florida, and in Canada; consequently if the "party" was to be a really worth-while one, newer and more interesting territory must be found.

Our first thought was the Pamirs, in Russian Turkestan, with side trips to Africa, and probably to Borneo; but some of my medical confreres ruled otherwise, and when we found that we must stick to lower latitudes, we selected East Africa, Sumatra, and Indo-China.

I had previously shot in Kenya, so we decided to try Tanganyika.

Earlier experience, in India and in other parts of Southern Asia, had convinced me that the best tiger shooting in the world is to be had in Laos and Annam. We had long been in touch with Mons. F. J. Defosse, of Suoi Kiet, whom I consider the premier white hunter of the world, and he and his son, Louis, kindly placed their services at our disposal.

Fortunately, both of us are enthusiastic photographers as well as hunters, and this field proved one of our greatest sources of pleasure. While we failed to discover any strange and beautiful lakes in the neighborhood of Nairobi or in the immediate vicinity of Archer's old boma, and did not succeed in killing a single elephant with bow and arrow, we did endeavor to behave ourselves as sportsmen should, abstained from chasing wart hogs with a motor car, and made a host of interesting new acquaintances and friends.

To many of these we are indebted for courtesies and favors. Mr. William Brown Robertson, district officer of Mbulu, was extremely kind to us. Captain Minnery, chief game ranger of northern Tanganyika, allowed us to take photographs in Ngoro Ngoro Crater; Mr. C. M. Clark, the chief customs officer at Tanga, showed us every courtesy. Mr. McQuade and his associates, of the Mombasa Customs, gave us much helpful assistance and advice, and several of the officials of the Kenya-Uganda Railway and Boat Lines personally saw that we had the best of service.

Of the old friends who aided us, their name is legion. Many years ago Senator James A. Reed was so kind as to interest the British Ambassador, the Right Honorable Sir Esme Howard, K.C.B., in one of my expeditions. Since then I have become indebted to His Excellency for a score of invaluable favors. He has always done everything within his power to make my scientific excursions to the far corners of the earth a success, and I owe him much that I can never repay.

To Senator William E. Borah, chairman of the committee on foreign affairs, likewise, we are heavily indebted. The credentials which he gave us proved of great value, not only in Africa, but at Singapore, Batavia, and in Indo-China as well.

Mr. W. B. Walker, of the Standard Oil Company, New York, generously gave me letters to representatives of his organization at Saigon and at Singapore, and I am under obligation to these gentlemen for their generous hospitality. Particularly is this true with respect to Mr. Acton Poulet, of Indo-China. He is the best known and most popular European business man in Southern Asia, and possesses enormous influence throughout the country.

Practically all of the material here included has previously appeared in *The Kansas City Star* and *The New York Times*, and I wish to thank the editors of these newspapers for their courtesy.

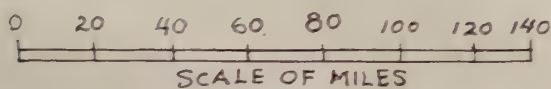
Mr. George Petroll, of the Hamburg-American Lines, saved us much time and trouble; the officials of the Deutsch-East African Steamship Company gave us special service and attention; and Captain Mory, of the "Mexico Maru," Osaka Shosen Kaisha, was so kind as to make us his personal guests during our stay in the Flowery Kingdom.

For two of the chapters, those entitled "Kiswahili" and "The Wambulu People," and for more than one half of the photographs, I am indebted to my son and associate, Dr. Richard L. Sutton, Jr.

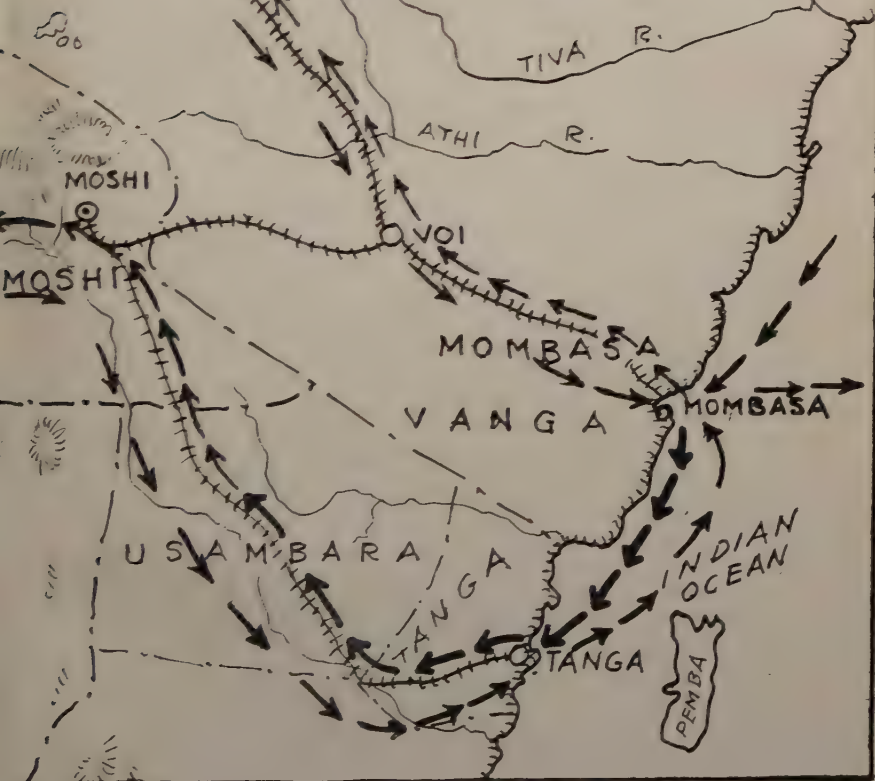
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NYERI



ROBI



THE LONG TREK

Tanganyika

ANGA is not much of a metropolis, but it certainly looked good to us, for it marked the end of an eleven-thousand-mile journey.

Early in July, our ship, the "Usaramo," of the German-East African Line, had slipped out of her berth at the mother harbor, and for five long weeks had ploughed southward. From Hamburg to Genoa we were blessed with the company of a joyous horde of German holiday-makers, and at Lisbon, Tangier, and Malaga the entire contingent had spent many happy hours together, ashore.

Dick, my son, recently graduated in medicine, and I furbished up our meager stock of Deutsch nouns, and with the kindly aid of courteous shipmates, soon were able to rattle off German conversation with the celerity and precision of a couple of well-oiled phonographs.

The commander, Captain Siebel, the purser, Mr. Stein, and several of our fellow-passengers had served in East Africa during the World War, and many and thrilling were the stories they told us of their adventures during those stormy days.

One of the most interesting, and certainly one of the most fascinating, of our new acquaintances was a Congo planter, Captain Francesco Lucchesi by

name, who had seen much of the world, and its joys and sorrows. Together with his beautiful wife he was returning to their adopted home after a brief vacation spent in Italy and in Belgium.

Early in life Lucchesi had entered a military school, but the discipline probably proved irksome, and after a year or two in the artillery he drifted over to Italian Somaliland. Later he served in the Arabian Army, and in 1912 he purchased a "farm" in Tanganyika, near Arusha. It was here that the Great War found him. Settled in German territory, and surrounded by German friends and neighbors, it was but natural that his sympathies should influence him to join the German Army, and he quickly became an officer in the "Schutze truppe" of the redoubtable von Lettow, or von Lettow Vorbeck, as he is sometimes called, a leader who was later to become one of the most famous of all the territorial commanders.

All went well until Italy decided to cast her fortunes with the Entente, and then poor Lucchesi found himself in a serious predicament. It had been a strenuous, even though stimulating, experience, serving with von Lettow's heroic little division, for at times there were more than one hundred thousand troops, of many different nationalities (English, South African, Belgian, East Indian, and their noble and gallant allies, the Portuguese), pressing in on them from all points of the compass, and they so short of food and munitions that they were largely

dependent for supplies upon what they could capture from the enemy!

Poor Lucchesi became a German prisoner of war, and, together with his little detail and his body-



A Swahali belle from the coast

guard, for many months was tossed about from pillar to post.

The experience certainly must have been a very disheartening one.

Finally, he was so fortunate as to be captured by the Belgians, and three months later he was commanding an Italian battery on the Austrian front!

Both Captain Siebel and Purser Stein had known him, as pre-war planter, German officer, and German prisoner.

Following the Armistice he became an enthusiastic Fascist, and ever since has been an ardent and loyal supporter of the Dictator.

I have known many patriotic men, but never a more patriotic one than Francesco Lucchesi. When his country again calls him, it may rest assured that he will come, and come without delay.

Always an ardent sportsman, since as a little lad he raced his small donkey over the Udine foothills, he now spends his brief holidays pursuing lion and leopard and elephant through the dense jungles of the Belgian Congo.

Captain Lucchesi was a versatile man, and Providence had blessed him with the gift of tongues. He spoke half a dozen different languages with fluency and ease, and we promptly elected him chief instructor in equatorial dialects. I can hear him now, as we sat at dinner, talking German to the lieutenant from Kiel, who sat at his left, cracking a Swahili joke with Dick, who was his most faithful and admiring student, jabbering French to his charming little wife, teasing me about the Volstead Act in purest Americanese, and probably flirting with "Evangeline," the dignified and quite proper, but

wholly human English graduate nurse, at a neighboring table, and all at one and the same time.

I had hoped that we would be able to spend at least one afternoon in Port Said, for I wanted Dick to get a good look at this famous, or infamous, meet-



A young shikari

ing place of the East and West. When it was found that our boat was to coal there from 2 a. m. to 6 a. m., I nearly lost hope, but when an optimistic group of cheerful spirits headed by the indomitable Lucchesi voted for an early morning visit, I made it unanimous.

We retired at ten, talked three hours and slept one, and were on deck, fully clothed and in our right minds, when the anchorage whistle sounded.

Port Said is a crafty old sister, and can always be counted upon to hold up her end of the log. Two other vessels had arrived that night, and every store and shop was wide open, the proprietors on their toes, and alert for business.



A cheetah is one of the handsomest and most delightful of pets

For years I have purchased my helmets and other tropical extras at the Simon Arzt establishment, and when I found the big store ablaze with light, and forty clerks on duty, I was overjoyed. The values are always excellent, for customs duty at Port Said is a forgotten quantity, and generally one makes a large dent in one's letter of credit before the ship sails away.

London "pigsticker" headgear at eight shillings, good terais at thirty, and reliable amber at wholesale prices always prove tempting, and especially so if you really need the goods, or can at least persuade yourself that you do!

Like all sophisticates who are familiar with trading in the Far East, I always insist upon a little "kumshaw" at the conclusion of a deal. This time I was greatly pleased when the head salesman, who was a trifle hard-boiled, finally consented to add a pretty little amber pendant. My gratitude later suffered a slump however, when we got aboard. In checking over my numerous purchases, I discovered that I had been charged six dollars for the supposed "good will" offering! But that was nothing to what another dealer in Port Said would have done to me, had opportunity offered, and I still am strong for Simon.

Shopping concluded, our little coterie sought tables at the sidewalk extension of Port Said's Café de la Paix, where we swigged coffee, and were entertained by acrobats and sleight-of-hand performers until the east grew pink, and we heard our steamer call.

East Indian mystery men are interesting, but a Port Said "gilly gilly" man is inimitable. He takes full grown chickens out of your pockets, transmutes silver half crowns into copper pennies (never the reverse!), extracts bananas from your hat, grows mangrove trees while you wait, and confounds you generally with his skill and erudition. I love it, and it

is almost as much fun to see a newcomer initiated as it is to go through the process yourself. It cost Dick three shillings to learn (?), but the chuckles in after life, every time he recalls the experience, will be worth a hundred times that small investment.



Snake charmers and "gilly gilly" men are common in Port Said and Singapore.

The Red Sea in July is no joke, and this time old Sol really outdid himself. The wind was astern, and as hot as if it came straight from the jaws of Hades. The "Usaramo" is a coal burner, and long before we reached the Straits of Bab el Mandeb, half a score of stokers had collapsed. The big canvas-lined

swimming pool which had been erected on the forward deck was constantly filled with eager, gasping searchers for coolness. Each passenger class, as well as the crew, took its turn, and there was scarcely an hour in the twenty-four when the huge improvised basin was unoccupied.



Two coy Kikuyu matrons of Mombasa

The Gulf of Aden was calm, but rounding the point at Cape Guardafui, the southwest monsoon hit us, head on, and I have never experienced a rougher sea. We ran far out from shore, but no matter what direction we took, the great waves caught us, and played with the ship as if it were a bit of cork. Nearly all of our fellow-passengers were experienced

sailors, yet on two different occasions only three persons showed up for dinner. Unfortunately, I was not one of the three. It was not until we neared the Equator that we found calm water.

Father Neptune was on hand, as usual, and at no time is he so playful and full of pranks as on a German passenger ship. There is a sort of Santa Claus



A crossing patrolman, Mombasa

spirit abroad which is bound to affect even the sternest and most dignified. Captain Siebel is an ideal skipper, and we were a cheerful and happy lot. We elected captain the Honorable Cyril Ward, master of ceremonies, and this joyous and sophisticated person certainly put his heart into the job. After all of the neophytes had been thoroughly scrubbed down with a deck broom, we indulged in "horse

ances," and ribbon-cutting contests, and games for the children. Taking everything into consideration, the occasion proved a memorable one.

Mombasa on the thirty-seventh day, and what a Mombasa! New docks, a greatly beautified harbor, the graceful palms and the smart and well-kept lawns, standing out green and cool in the early morning light. Mombasa, island of romance, history, tragedy, and commercial progress! Is it little wonder that the "Queen of the Coast" holds the place she does in the hearts of our East African brethren?

June, July, and August are the "winter months" in Mombasa, and at this time the climate is delightful. With January comes summer, and the heat is almost intolerable.

Dick and I spent the day ashore, stretching our cramped legs, and photographing a few score of natives.

It is a one-night's run to Tanga, and at 6 p. m. our ship was again under way.

The Advance On Moshi



T TANGA we were met by Mr. J. E. Thomas, of the Coastal Trading Company, who had for many years lived in Nyassaland, and is a most courteous and interesting gentleman. Later we became very well acquainted with him and learned to appreciate his many excellent qualities.

The junior member of the firm of white hunters whom we had hired, also met us at the boat, and accompanied us upcountry.

Mr. C. M. Clark, chief customs officer at Tanga, extended us every courtesy, and our guns and photographic material were quickly checked over, the necessary deposits made, and our heavy trunks carted over to the office of the Coastal Trading Company. Here we repacked, as we were to take in only the articles which were absolutely needed. Of these, cameras and film came first, then guns and ammunition, then bedding, and finally personal clothing. Jack Matty, of Denver, a famous big game hunter, had warned us to take plenty of canteens, for elephant trails are thirsty propositions, and the four big aluminum containers certainly proved a source of great comfort.

In addition to our blankets, at the suggestion of an old and valued friend, Harry Jenne, of Falls City, Nebraska, we had brought a couple of Woods eider down sleeping bags. Our guide insisted that these

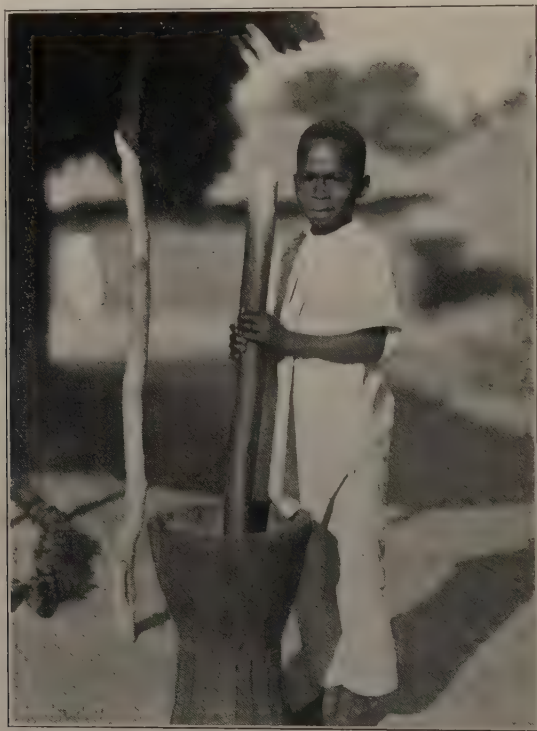
were superfluous, and for a moment I hesitated to take them. Fortunately, caution prevailed and it was a lucky guess. Of all our belongings, no single item proved so great a comfort to me as my Woods



An Indian cobbler. His "shop" is the street

bag. At Ngoro Ngoro, where the altitude is more than 8,000 feet, and the air damp as well as cold at night, the thermometer frequently stands at 38 degrees, and I should have been miserable with only a pair of light blankets to protect me.

We took with us two pairs of heavy shooting boots apiece, and plenty of heavy woolen socks. One of my most cherished and valued possessions is a beautiful Nevill hunting knife, presented to me by my old friend, Gordon Beaham.



A Swahali youth, at Tanga, pounding "posho", or corn meal

At the last, we found ourselves with one well-filled trunk, one ammunition case, a blanket bag, and our guns and cameras. While economy in equipment is desirable, it is not advisable to shave one's outfit too

closely, and the fact must always be borne in mind that one is several hundred miles away from the base of supplies. In this respect, New York is nearer to London than Mbulu is to Tanga!

We reached Tanga on Friday, and about 4 p. m. on Saturday we clambered aboard the twice-a-week Tanga-Moshi Express, and were off to the promised land.



Kilimanjaro

The Tanganyika railway system is a trifle down at heel; we had to supply our own bedding, but a restaurant car was attached to the train, and we fared quite well. The road leads steadily upward, and as we passed through the tiny stations with their peculiar native names—Pangwe, Ngomeni, Mnhesi, Tengen, Mnyresi, Korogme, Ngombez, Mkumbara,

and Kissangiro, one could readily appreciate the African atmosphere. From dusk until midnight, we frequently heard drums throbbing, and the natives



A Moshi matron bringing in a load of Indian corn

singing, in deep bass voices, alongside the right of way. For a time the mosquitoes bothered me, but they were not big ones, few being larger than a humming bird, and finally I dropped off into fitful slumber.

We reached Moshi about ten, Sunday morning, and were met by Mr. N. R. Andrews, who owns and conducts one of the best hotels in Tanganyika. After a bath and a change, Mr. Andrews introduced us to his famous pet, Miss Polly, a parrot with a speaking knowledge of four different languages, and a pro-



Polly Andrews of Moshi, a famous linguist

pensity for dining upon every one who comes near except her beloved master.

Mr. Andrews is a sportsman as well as a talented host, and if he were not so closely confined by his duties as landlord, I fear the big game in the vicinity of Moshi would have a rough time of it.

The little city is situated at the base of Mount Kilimanjaro. During the afternoon we took a long ride along the mountain side. The scenery is beautiful. The neighboring plateau is intensively cultivated, and the great sisal fields stretch for miles in every direction. On the "Usaramo" we had made the acquaintance of Professor Hindorf, the German



Sisal on its way to the shredder

expert who first introduced sisal, which is used in making rope and binding twine, into East Africa, in 1892. He told us of his efforts to find a suitable and profitable plant for the soil which is characteristic of this part of the Dark Continent. He visited Java, Sumatra, Borneo, and India, but without result. Finally he decided that a suitable product might be found in a dry, subtropical climate, like that of Mex-

ico. He spent several months there, and when he returned, he brought with him the first samples of the plant that had ever reached Tanganyika. Last year many millions of dollars worth of sisal fiber was exported from East Africa alone, and all as a result of Hindorf's experimental studies.



Sisal fibre on the drying frames. Later it is baled and shipped to the rope and binding twine factories

In raising sisal, the soil is first carefully prepared, by machinery and by hand, to receive the slips, or the "bulbils." These are placed in long rows, and at first the field looks like one of Indian corn. Careful and conscientious cultivation is required, and if this is persevered in, and the seasons prove favorable, the first crop is ready for cutting at the end of the third year. The long, slender, dagger-like green

leaves somewhat resemble those of certain varieties of cactus.

The leaves are cut off by means of a "panga," an implement which resembles an American corn knife, shredded by machinery, and the fiber is dried on frames or rocks. A good sisal plantation is a safe



A native drinking "pombe". It has the odor of sauerkraut, the taste of fermented apple butter, and the kick of a mule

and profitable investment, as a rule being much more reliable than a coffee shamba.

Much coffee also is raised in Tanganyika and in Kenya, the berries being large and of excellent quality.

The natives residing in the Moshi district are of the Machako and Washagga tribes; and, as they were on holiday, we saw them at their Sunday best.

Unfortunately, a favorite resort was the public pombe drinking places. Pombe is a very mild fermented beverage, containing from 2 to 5 per cent of alcohol. The sale of stronger liquors to the natives is strictly prohibited, and in English colonies, as in the mother country, the laws are made to be enforced, and consequently are obeyed.

Arusha, and Beyond



THE motor cars, a Ford safari wagon and a Chevrolet lorry, had been left at Moshi, which is railhead for the Mbulu country, our ultimate destination.

On Monday morning the safari wagon was found to be suffering from an acute internal disorder of some sort, the exact nature of which was doubtful. Finally, about eleven thirty, after much hammering and screwing and twisting, it was declared to be ready for the road, so we hastily ate our luncheon, turned the noses of our little cars westward, and bade our Moshi friends *auf Wiedersehen*.

The drive from Moshi to Arusha in dry weather is an enjoyable one. We saw no game on our way out, but on our return, two months later, we encountered two large herds of very friendly and inquisitive giraffes.

Arusha is an attractive little town of probably two hundred Europeans and ten times that number of Indians and natives. It boasts of an excellent and modern caravansary, the Arusha Hotel, built and owned by my old friend, Kenyon Painter, of Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Painter is the daughter of the late Houston Wyeth, of St. Joseph, Missouri. Mr. Wyeth shot in Tanganyika in 1922-23, and his son conducted a very successful safari there in 1928-29. At present, the hotel is managed by Mr. and Mrs. Ray Ulyate,

South African people who have for many years lived in Tanganyika. At the time of our first visit, their children, six in number, all were at home on holiday,



A young sportsman whom we met on our way to Arusha

and a finer family I have never met. Dick and I were extremely weary, as a result of the long, rough ride from Moshi, but we remained up until a late hour, visiting with the Ulyate youngsters, and chatting with the elders. Mr. Ulyate was kind enough to

ask us to inscribe our names in their honor guest book, and I scribbled my signature immediately beneath those of H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, and Lord Delamere. Under "Remarks," I wrote



An old Masai who was not too proud to carry his own provisions

"Arusha, the Kansas City of East Africa." They had been so kind as to honor me, and it was up to me to reciprocate.

Another family in Arusha for whom we developed an affectionate regard was that of Mr. and Mrs.

Schlottmann. They own and conduct a large general store, the largest in Arusha, and are the parents of two charming and beautiful little girls.

We found prices at Arusha very reasonable; in fact, I purchased from Mr. Schlottman a fine 9.3 mm. Mauser rifle and one hundred cartridges at a price far less than I would have had to pay in America,



An Askari, or native policeman, in front of his quarters

and some 30 per cent less than the standard price at Nairobi.

The following morning we secured our full visitor's game licenses at the Boma, or "courthouse." The cost was seventy-five pounds each (approximately three hundred and seventy-five dollars), as compared with one hundred pounds in the neighboring colony of Kenya. An additional inducement is

the inclusion of two rhinoceroses in the list, animals which require an additional license in Kenya, and the fact that the special license for elephant is very low, only four hundred shillings. The district officer and



A stylishly attired Masai brave

his associates proved to be very courteous, as did also Captain Minnery, the chief game ranger of northern Tanganyika, from whom we secured permission to visit Ngoro Ngoro Crater, and take photographs. Captain Minnery is a former officer of the

King's African Rifles, and one of the most widely known sportsmen and game conservationists in East Africa. He is thoroughly conversant with his duties, and has proved a source of terror to the native poachers and similar lawbreakers in his territory. A more capable or enthusiastic official it would be difficult to find. We had the honor of meeting Mrs. Minnery, who, to our delight, proved to be a Cleveland, Ohio, girl, transplanted to the African wilds! On further acquaintance, we found that we had a number of mutual acquaintances, Dr. Harold N. Cole, professor of dermatology at Western Reserve University, Dr. George Crile, the surgeon, and the Kenyon Painters. Mrs. Minnery also is an excellent shot, and frequently accompanies her distinguished husband on his long trips into the wilderness.

At Arusha we encountered our first contingent of a tribe which to me has always possessed tremendous fascination, the Masai. In fact to me they constitute a sort of complex, and before many weeks had elapsed, Dick insisted that I would rather photograph a well-decorated Masai than kill an elephant carrying two hundred pounds of ivory. While my son's estimate is, as usual, somewhat exaggerated, I must acknowledge that I have a great admiration for this wild, independent, liberty-loving bunch of painted nomads.

Many are handsome, all are distinguished looking, and few know the meaning of fear. The men scorn manual labor, and it is considered very unlucky for

the head of the house to carry in the family firewood, or plant the maize or sweet potato crop! It is unfortunate that some of these tabus do not prevail in more civilized communities.



This Masai is justly proud of his coiffure

The warriors, who enjoy all sorts of special privileges, are fond of parading about with their hair dressed in a very intricate fashion, and their bodies thickly smeared with a mixture of red earth (an ochre compound) and suet. In Tanganyika they

were always armed with a long, double-edged spear of special design, a "panga," or huge knife, and frequently with bow and arrows as well. Nowadays they seldom carry shields, except in time of war or when they are lion hunting. The Masai shield is made of heavy buffalo hide, beautifully painted and intricately decorated.



When a crowd of Masai ladies comes to town, the price of telegraph wire goes up

Their sandals also are of buffalo hide, and in addition to the regular "trade" blanket, many sport a cloak of soft tanned calfskin, worn hair side out. Those who have succeeded in killing a lion with a spear are entitled to wear extra ornaments of divers sorts, the nature of which varies with different districts. In Kenya it is a lion headdress, or a large, ball-shaped mass of feathers on the butt of the spear,

and at Ngoro Ngoro it was a double-spiked copper armlet.

In the matter of decoration they are generous to their women folk as well. I have seen a withered Masai matron (they are old at forty), one of the seventeen wives of a wealthy cattleman, with enough copper and aluminum cable wrapped around her arms and legs to make a Western Union construction foreman turn green with envy. In fact, in the earlier days, the telegraph line was a frequent source of bracelet supply. What with the elephants butting down the poles, and the Masai braves stealing the wire, the Morse System pioneers had a pretty hard time of it.

While a hungry Masai will not turn up his nose at a bowl of posho, the corn meal food staple of all Africa, he much prefers a calabash filled with a gruesome mixture of milk and cow's blood. They bleed their animals from a vein in the neck, and the procedure does not appear to injure the quadruped in the least. Unfortunately, they use all sorts of liquids for cleansing (?) the calabash afterward, and one can never be quite sure of the sort of odor that emanates from a Masai drinking vessel. Once, when we were far out in the blue, three old and highly respected representatives of the famous tribe brought us a good-will offering of milk, in long, slender gourd containers. For the sake of politeness we had to taste it, but my stomach is a "tender" one, and the hospitable draught nearly ruined me.

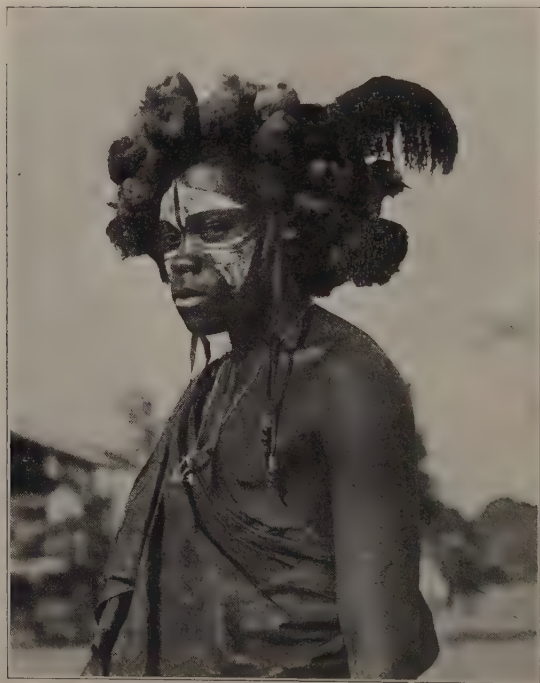
In the Kenya villages, many of the natives refuse to have their pictures taken, but in Tanganyika they are as yet unspoiled, and we enjoyed a regular photographic orgy.



A Masai youth who is undergoing his preliminary initiation as a warrior.
Note ostrich-feather headdress

After immortalizing a number of sleek looking warriors in the neighborhood of the Boma, we repaired to the native quarter. On our way out we saw a group of young Masai, squatted in a circle, and

jabbering away at the rate of some two miles a minute. Swahili, or rather Kiswahili, is the language of East Africa, but in this, as in many other things, the Masai are independent, and a large percentage of them speak only their parent tongue.



A Masai who is soon to become a full-fledged warrior

It seems that they were holding a "shauri," or council. We alighted from the car and approached the group rather gingerly. They leaped to their feet and the chief rushed toward us with extended hands, apparently as glad to see us as if some one

were going to pay him some money long overdue. In passing, it may be said that the Masai are a very polite people. When a warrior makes a social call, he always leaves his spear at the front door, with the spiked iron butt sticking in the ground. We at first suspected that the savages were objecting to the interruption of their council meeting, but we quickly learned that the young headman, Lamseni, was a former employee of the people who were guiding us, and after a long and serious conference with our driver, who finally gave him several shillings, he left us.

On our return to Arusha, several weeks later, I saw a number of Masai men languidly mending a road which was sadly in need of repair. They were spearless, but each wore a panga, in a bright red leather scabbard, and all were resplendent in red paint, fancy beadwork, and artistic headdress. A favorite type of Masai ear ornament is made of bright malleable iron, and is of the size and shape of an old-fashioned cookstove lid.

I wondered why these aesthetic individuals should be performing manual labor, but an explanation was soon forthcoming. A few yards farther on, we met a couple of armed native soldiers (askaris), who were chaperoning the outfit, and from them we learned that the handsome young warriors had neglected to pay their government head tax, and were working it out on the highway, at the magnificent salary of 12 cents a day!

Laborers are scarce in the Arusha district, the local tribes—Wanyawezi, Wanyiramba, Warangi, Wasukuma, Wanyasa, Wagoni, and Wanyaturi, being unable to supply the demand.

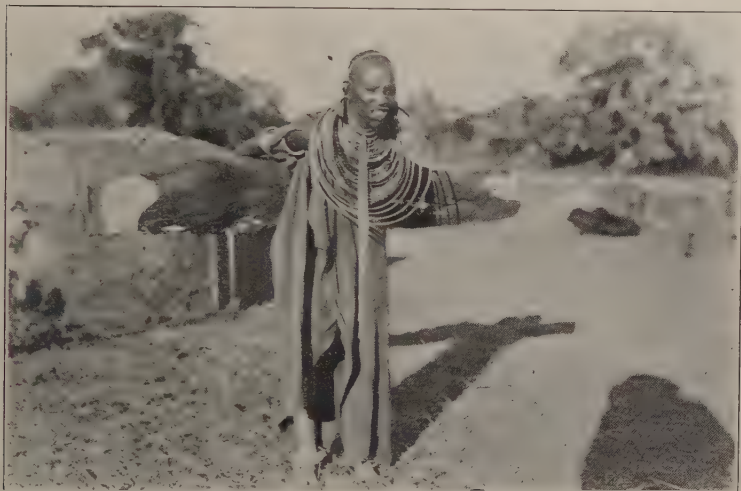


A fine type of Masai womanhood. Their burdens are carried suspended from a forehead "tote strap." Note flies on chin and eyelid

Coffee and sisal are the principal crops, with maize a close third.

It is a long settled community, and the European population appears healthy, contented, and prosperous.

Excellent shooting—as good as can be had in the entire Protectorate—is to be found within a few miles of Arusha. The average person is prone to believe that the best hunting and fishing are to be had just beyond the horizon, and often much time is wasted seeking an imaginary Eden. For example, our visit to the Ngoro Ngoro Crater cost us much



To an American, the shadow appears almost symbolic

toil and many thousands of shillings. Two months later, within five miles of Nairobi, we found incomparably better photographic material, such as gnu, zebra, ostrich, and gazelle, with a few score of affectionate giraffes thrown in for good measure, than one could possibly secure during a fortnight at the Crater, and all at a total expenditure of three dollars for motor car hire!

We were sorry to leave Arusha, for it is a friendly and extremely comfortable little burg, and we liked the people. On our return, after a lonely two months out in the blue, we appreciated it more than ever.

At the Arusha Hotel we bade our bathtub an affectionate farewell. If there are any to be found farther west, we failed to find them.

The Blue

IT IS approximately two hundred and forty miles from Arusha to Mbulu, but D. V., and the roads in fair condition, one can accomplish the journey in two days.

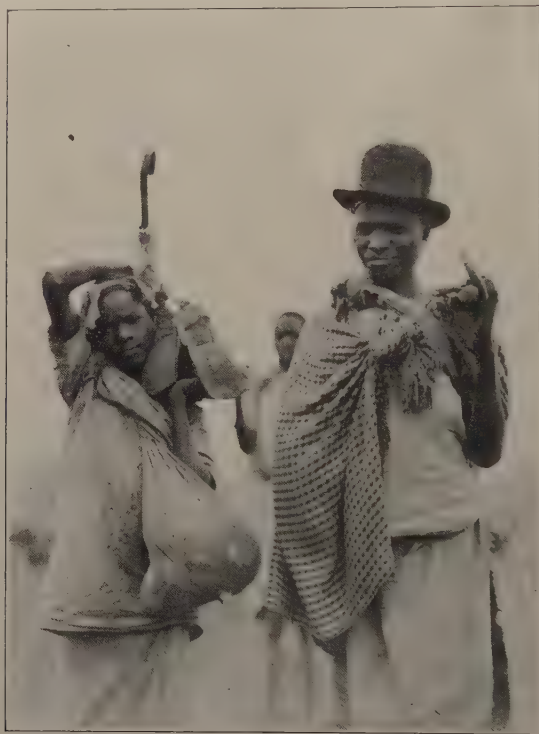
We began to encounter game, such as antelope and ostrich, as soon as we reached the Arusha Plains, a few miles out. We crossed the Bunyuni River, and, a little later, the Kwatakuchinja. So far as I could learn, there is no good angling to be had in Tanganyika.

About ten o'clock, as we were bowling along a smooth bit of gravel, we met a stylishly attired Mramba striding down the trail, his small black "boy" carrying his umbrella and other personal belongings, and sticking close to his heels. His loud-colored golf hose did not match, one of his Oxfords was stringless, and his "shorts" were patched, but—he was glad to meet the "Bwana," and his fat black face was cleft with a welcoming smile.

I think the most striking article in his entire wardrobe was a well-worn black derby, which was pulled down quite over his ears! Whatever he was doing, far out on that Tophet-like trail eighty miles from the nearest settlement, we never were able to ascertain.

We lunched at an Indian general store, in Mbugwe. Of all the African villages that I have

seen, none intrigued me as did Mbugwe. The road drops straight down from the escarpment, for a moment is hidden by a grove of cocoanut palms, and then the plains fill the foreground, as level and flat as a table top.



An Mramba aristocrat steps out for an eighty-mile stroll

Our visit was made during the dry season, and the sandy floor reflected the sun's rays like a huge mirror. For miles and miles, in fact as far as the eye can see, the surface is monotonously smooth and un-

broken. Situated midway between the palm grove and the village proper are the "community wells," half a dozen twelve-inch holes in the earth, which extend to a depth of ten or fifteen feet. The water is fairly clear and sweet, but of course must be boiled



Not all Mrambas are so stylish, however. This one possessed only his spear, shield, blanket, and a string of beads

before it is suitable for use by Europeans. It is drawn from the wells by means of gourd buckets, each capable of holding a half gallon or more, which are attached to long slender poles or handles. The fluid is hauled up and poured into large calabashes, or earthenware jugs. The native women carry these

on their heads, a feat requiring considerable skill and dexterity. The method has its merits, however, for seldom have I seen more graceful or statuesque human beings.



The first Mbugweite whom we met on the trail

Mbugwe is famous for the size and ferocity of its mosquitoes, and practically the entire population suffers from malaria. It is a tsetse fly area also, and just outside the "city limits" we were halted by a Government inspector (native) who carefully went

over our cars with a small dip net, in the hope of capturing a few stragglers.

The houses in Mbugwe are as interesting as the people. Owing to frequent visits from Masai cattle raiders, each man takes all of his four-footed live stock to bed with him at night. In consequence, the buildings are fairly large and commodious. For the



Mbugwe

most part they are subterranean, the cellar-like compartment comprising about two-thirds of the entire space. The roofs are flat, and thickly covered with closely packed clay. This protects them from fire as well as from water. There is but one door. At dusk, the animals are watered and driven into the house. The family sleeps in a small, cubby-hole cage of poles, in one corner. As a result of long-continued

and friendly association, the animals, which are of the humpbacked, Indian variety, become household pets, and the Mbugwe babies crawl in and out between their legs, happy and unafraid.

The men are armed with long, keen, narrow-bladed spears, and when a bold Masai attacks a dwelling, and tries to dig a hole through the roof, the indignant owner simply waits until the protect-



A typical Mbugwe residence. When we arrived, the lady on the woodpile was sound asleep and we were greeted only by the rooster in the doorway

ing cover is perforated, and then proceeds to poke a spear into the vitals of his impudent and unwelcome guest.

While we were trying to drink some of the tea which the storekeeper prepared for us, who should wander in but a lank, anemic, cachectic white man! There was no motor car in sight, and I wondered

where on earth he had dropped from. We shook hands and passed the time of day. He informed me that he hailed from Philadelphia, and at present was conducting a near-by Mission. We got along beau-



Carrying water from the community well

tifully until he began to deride his native land because of its stand on prohibition. "Deprivation of personal liberty," he called it. Argument was useless; I could not budge him. The longer he talked, the angrier he became! Finally, I concluded that

the poor devil was not worth saving, and we left him, together with his mosquitoes, and his tsetse flies, and his amoebae, and his moist convictions. I never saw him again.

A few miles farther on, we met a score of Wafumes, delightful and unspoiled children of the wilderness. Several of them had never before seen a



A group of happy, giggling Wafumes .

motor car, and we spent a mirthful half hour explaining (!) the mechanism of the Ford safari wagon. The women were of course the most inquisitive. We would show a giggling maiden how the crank worked, and then, when she stepped in front of the car, we would make the electric horn shriek. The victim would drop everything and wildly scamper away, to the great amusement of her comrades.

Of the score or more of tribes with which we came in contact, none possessed a more highly developed sense of humor than the Wafumes. About midway between Mbugwe and Mbulu, we came to a forsaken little collection of huts, Massagalodo, with a clean government dak bungalow, or rest house, near by.



"The Hotel," city of Mbugwe. The solitary bed sits out in front

Water was obtainable here, and as the hour was late, we planned to camp for the night. Another motor car had preceded us, however, and upon inquiry we found that it belonged to William Brown Robertson, district officer of Mbulu, who, together with the local Munki, or "Sultan," Michael Ahho, was to hold a native shauri on the morrow.

This was our first meeting with Mr. Brown Robertson, a gentleman whom we grew to hold in very high esteem before we left Tanganyika. I have never met a more kindly, or conscientious, official. He fills a difficult position with rare ability and skill. He knows the Wambulu people as no other Euro-



The village meat shop, Mbugwe. The butcher boy was a coy little chap

pean knows them, and they love and trust him absolutely. He appreciates their virtues and their shortcomings, just as an experienced primary school-teacher understands the minds of her small pupils, and I feel that the colonial office is indeed fortunate in having an official of this type and caliber in charge of so important a district.

Mr. Brown Robertson told us that another, and more commodious, rest house had recently been erected a few miles farther on, and we reached the new quarters about eight o'clock. We were so tired



Food transportation in the environs of Mbugwe

that hunger was almost forgotten, but we ate a few canned sardines and some bread and butter, and quickly dropped off into dreamless slumber.

Shortly after daylight we were again under way. The light safari wagon, carrying Dick, our guide,

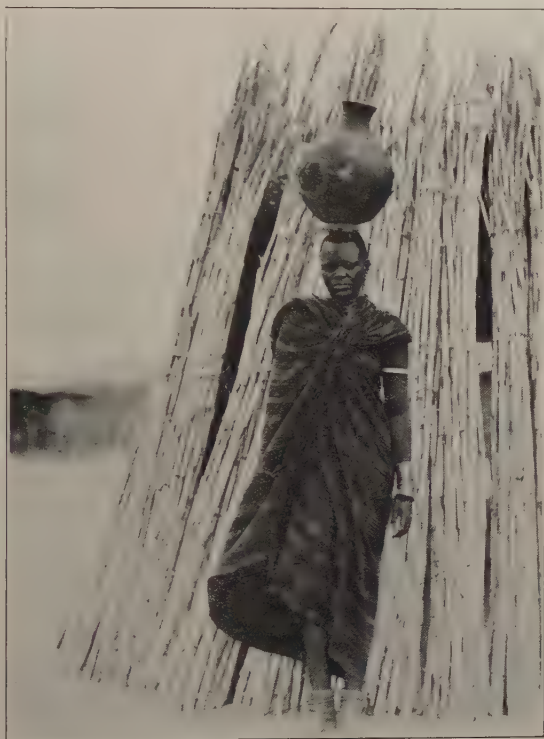
Angaloy, a native personal servant (a young Masai), and me, was well in the lead, followed by the Chevrolet truck, driven by a native, and containing our heavy luggage—food, tents, and extra petrol. Gasoline in Tanganyika is much cheaper than in my early days in Kenya, but it is essential that a plentiful supply be kept on hand.



An ancient but ever popular game of chance

It was not long before we began to see game. Zebra and gnu were the most common, with an occasional small herd of "Tommies," and Peter's gazelle. Just before noon, we passed a young and handsome eland bull, grazing about fifty yards from the trail. As we had no fresh meat on hand, I suggested that Dick try a shot at him with the .375

Hoffman. My son slipped from the car and began stalking, but the eland had grown suspicious, and promptly departed. A few minutes later, however, we passed a herd of five more, out on the open prairie.



A charming brunette with a thirty-pound load neatly balanced on her head

rie. This time Dick was on his mettle, and as the animals dashed away, he picked out a plump two-year-old, swung the .375 into line, and squeezed the trigger. The eland, which happened to be a female,

promptly dropped. The lorry was close behind us, and one of the boys, a certified Mohammedan, ran out and "chingaed" it (cut its throat), for only animals thus treated may be eaten by the orthodox.



On the road to Mbulu. A Government tsetse fly scout gives us the once over with a dip net

The shot was an excellent one, 210 measured yards, and I was justly proud of my son's marksmanship.

Just before the luncheon hour, Dick killed another

antelope, a fine buck grant, which was standing watching us, on top of an old ant hill.

Our food supply provided, we were free to turn our attention to photography. We encountered several large herds of zebra and gnu, but were unable to get close enough to use an ordinary Graflex satisfactorily. With the 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch telephoto, attached to a



Mbulu

Ciné B moving picture camera, Dick secured some very good pictures; and a little later, with this same lens and with a 6-inch lens of the same type, he did good work on a herd of giraffes.

Just before reaching Mbulu, we passed the Roman Catholic Mission of the White Fathers, an institution which has accomplished a tremendous amount of good in this part of the world.

Mbulu at last! Not a large or imposing city, for it boasts of but seven European inhabitants; but the little town was to be our base headquarters for the next two months.

The first white person we met was Hans Muller, a nephew of our guide, a very fine and capable young gentleman. Following him was Waldner, the famous white hunter, and noted German scout. As some one has said, if the German Colonial Army had been composed of men like Waldner, the English never would have won the war. Mr. Waldner served as white hunter for my old friend, Jack Matty, of Denver, and for Mr. and Mrs. E. Wolf, of Hanover, all of whom speak of him in the highest and most affectionate terms. Unquestionably, he is one of the most skilled and capable guides in northern Tanganyika.

The elder brother, our senior guide, had departed on the previous day for the near-by Misichu Hills, where was to be located our first camp.

The route which had been roughly mapped out for us was too mountainous for motor cars, consequently we were to travel on foot, and on mules. The latter we hired from our guides, a mule for each of them, and one for each of us.

Early on the following morning we applied at the Boma for our elephant licenses, which were promptly issued to us, and at ten o'clock we started for the Misichu Hills. The "punda," or mule boys, leading

our tiny mounts, met us about ten miles out, and we slowly climbed up the escarpment to our first elephant camp.



Dick and Acheseo and little Susie pose for their pictures

For the benefit of the uninitiated, I will explain, in the fewest possible words, the method of procedure in the organization of a safari. The term "safari" has a double meaning. It may refer to the expedition proper; for example, the question may be

asked, "Are you going on safari?"—or the term may refer to the caravan itself, "Is that your safari?"

The owner is the man who hires the white hunter or guide, and who signs the check.

White hunters are individuals who employ and direct the gun-bearers, cooks, porters, etc., purchase



Asmina, our personal boy, a most admirable young Wanyiramba

provisions, and, supposedly, find game for the owner of the safari. For this service they are paid a lump sum, previously agreed upon, which covers all expenses, including their personal salaries, from base camp back to base camp, or, as in our own case, from seaport (Tanga) back to railhead (Moshi).

The average cost of a first-class safari, exclusive

of shooting licenses, for two men, may be roughly estimated at four hundred shillings per day.

Unfortunately, this succulent fee sometimes proves too great a temptation, and not all white



Sere, a fearless and capable Wambulu game scout

hunters are honest. Some of them endeavor to exploit the game in their district in every possible way, and will not hesitate to "sell" a prospective customer fauna which they cannot hope to deliver. Once the contract and deposits are made and the victim se-

curely hooked, the guide's interest in the matter wanes, and his principal object apparently is to cajole and bluff the sportsman along, until it is time to bid him an affectionate (!) and slobbery farewell,



A little mother of the hills

aboard the departing train, at railhead, on his way out.

A capable personal boy means much to his master on safari. We were so fortunate as to draw a young Wanyiramba, Asmani by name, who was undoubtedly the most efficient camp servant that I have ever

seen. I shall always have a warm spot in my heart for Asmani.

Sometimes we rather startled him. For instance, when he checked over our bedding he could make neither head nor tail of the Woods eider down robes. When their use was explained to him, he exclaimed, "Ai, ai, ai, my new European master sleeps in a sack!"



A typical camp, far out in the blue

The gunbearers are the aristocracy of the native contingent, and usually some of them are a bit spoiled. The best gun-bearer we had was not a gun-bearer at all, but a long, lean Mbulu game scout, Sere by name, who habitually stood on one leg, like a stork, and who delighted in accompanying us on our long, wearisome hikes after pictures as well as in

pursuit of game. He was absolutely fearless, and with Asmani, shared first place in our affections.

In rural Africa, raw food materials, such as fowls, eggs, potatoes, and tomatoes are to be had for almost nothing. For instance, the average price of fat young chickens is three chickens for a shilling! A large basket of fresh ripe tomatoes can be pur-



"Breaking Camp." After the first week, the men work with almost military precision

chased for ten African cents, and eggs are equally cheap. Our junior guide was "purchasing agent" and chief steward for the safari, and he certainly proved to be one of the closest bargainers that ever lived. I have seen him argue with a native woman for half an hour, persuading her to accept four African cents for six eggs which she had originally of-

ferred at five! Inasmuch as there are one hundred African cents in a shilling, and a shilling is equal to one American quarter, to me it looked like love's labor lost. Of course venison and buffalo meat, and wild fowl, cost us nothing. We shot more than we could possibly eat; in fact, 90 per cent of this "table meat" was turned over to the porters.

Elephant Camps



LEPHANT hunting is hard work. I was reared in the corn belt of northwestern Missouri, and as my father was an old-fashioned Kentucky farmer, I was compelled to serve an apprenticeship with a hoe, between the long rows of tall corn in mid-July. Consequently, I know the meaning of real labor. But exercise of that sort in the early nineties was as child's play compared with the torture of a rugged tusker trail in the tropics.

We reached our first temporary stopping place, in the Muthianga Hills, about eleven o'clock, and there met our senior white hunter, a most admirable gentleman. Unfortunately, he was just recovering from a prolonged and debilitating attack of Malta fever, and was not at all in physical condition for safari, and particularly such a safari as ours proved to be. But he was pure grit, clear through, and remained on the job. During the World War he had played a prominent and distinguished part, on von Lettow's staff, as scout and as quartermaster, for he had been a resident of northern Tanganyika for nearly fifteen years, and was thoroughly conversant with the country and with its people. One of our acquaintances in Kenya, who had filled a similar position in Tanganyika for the British Army, assured us that if cattle and similar food supplies were obtainable, this man would obtain them, and deliver them to the troops who were dependent upon him for provender.

He was the best game shot that I have ever seen. His favorite rifle was a tiny 7. mm. Mauser, and to see him use it was a revelation to the initiated. The



Wambulu porters, with head pads. A porter's load is fifty pounds

barrel was only twenty-four inches long, and equipped with plain, open iron sights. Unlike most white hunters, he did all of his shooting "offhand"; that is, without an artificial rest of any sort. I have repeatedly seen him kill small antelope, such as

"Tommies" and impalla, at distances of from three hundred to four hundred measured yards! And invariably the bullet landed on the right spot. No wounded animals, trailing about with broken legs, for him.

The game scouts had been busy during the past



Our senior white hunter, with an elephant which he has just killed

twenty-four hours, but had reported only buffalo, no elephant.

The camp at Muthianga was a comfortable one, tucked away in a notch in the hills, among the tiny Wambulu truck patches. All of the farm work is done with a heavy hoe, and one seldom sees a maize field more than half an acre in extent.

Our tents were of green canvas, with a large sun

sail of white duck. We slept on small, folding cots, and as we had warm bedding, a necessity in that altitude, we were very comfortable. At midday it was warm, but the early morning and late afternoon hours were delightful.

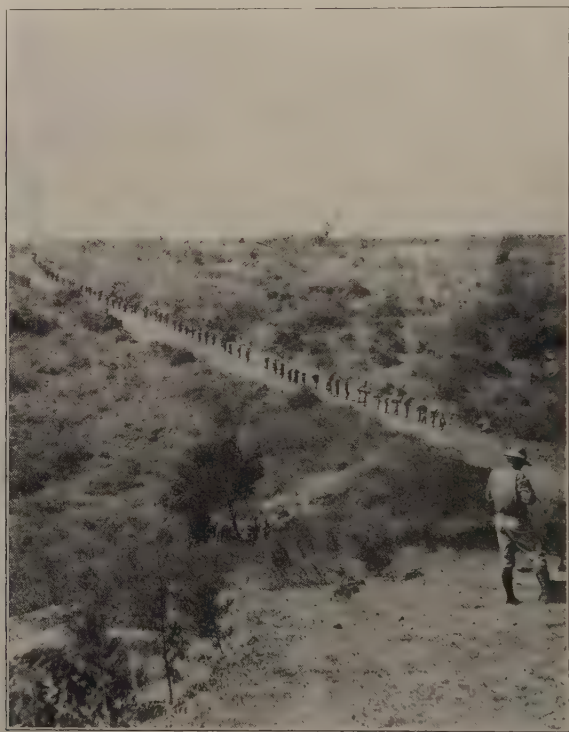


Bringing in the ivory

There were no mosquitoes, and we did not have to sleep under nets. The drinking water here was only fair, and had to be boiled, but at many of the camps, fresh, untainted water was available.

Ordinarily, one of the drawbacks of an elephant camp is the necessity of silence. One may not shoot, even with a .22 caliber rifle. But the swamp,

or "tinga tinga," in which we hoped to find elephant, was over a mile away, and it was decided that we might safely use our shotguns. Our senior guide was an enthusiastic bird hunter; and, as we had



The safari under way, in the Muthianga Hills

brought with us a 12 bore, that afternoon he and I tried for guinea and francolin, a brown fowl which resembles the American prairie chicken. We had plenty of porters, nearly one hundred, to use as beaters, consequently our part in the show was an

easy one. We had good luck with the francolin, but did not fare so well with the wild guinea. Both barrels of my gun were improved cylinder. I had had it built to handle buckshot, and if ever a sportsman needed a full choke, or a young cannon, it is when shooting guinea! Of all wild fowl, they are the hardest to kill. In fact, a head or neck shot usually

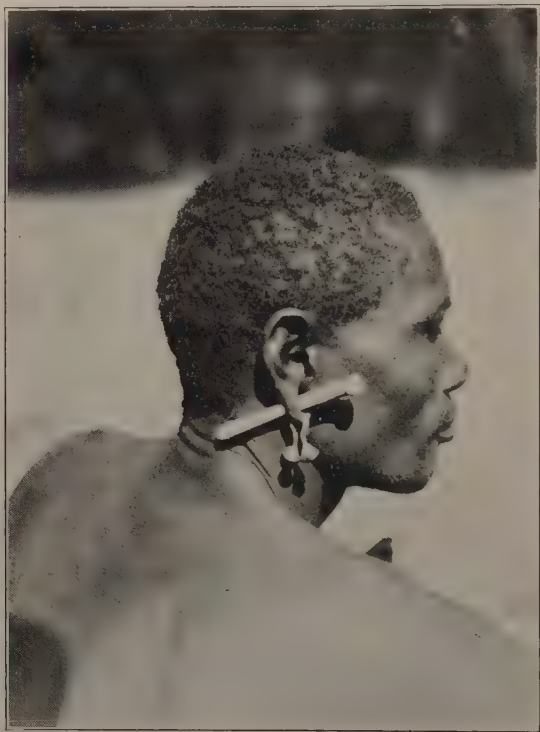


Francolin and partridge for dinner

is essential in dealing with an old or mature bird. And they are as wily and intelligent as they are tough. At practically every camp, we saw scores of them, and always we were intent upon their destruction, but during the entire period of two months not more than a score was brought to pot.

Finally, the game scouts brought news of elephant; but as the huge pachyderms had been seen

in a tinga tinga in the Gambia Hills, some fifteen miles away, it was thought best to shift bases, in order that we might study the proposition at close range. Early the next morning we broke camp and



This porter carried his homemade toothbrush thrust through a hole in his ear

marched to the next water, a distance of ten miles. To the neophyte, ten miles may seem a very short distance, but the fact must be borne in mind that we were in mountainous country, and each porter must

carry on his head a load of approximately forty pounds. Even at that, they were better pedestrians than we newcomers in the hills. After a few days, when the column units were working smoothly, it was a joy to see the men march in, like clockwork, the stalwart Wanyamwezi in the lead, but the Wam-



These porters slept with only their heads inside the tiny hut. The crate is for chickens

bulu close on their heels, and pitch camp as swiftly and methodically as a well-trained regiment of infantry. We made only a few very long marches, of from sixteen to twenty miles, but at no time did our porters fail to do their part. Occasionally, when a group of men made a particularly fast trip back to headquarters, for posho, on their return each man

was rewarded with a cigarette! These "short smokes" were of the famous "Bear" brand, and Dick said they were quite good. The "chief steward" stocked two varieties, a "good" kind, which retailed at three packages (of ten each) to the shilling, and a cheaper, or "backsheesh" (Dick called them "hash-eesh") variety which retailed at four packages to the shilling.

Tobacco was the boys' greatest luxury, and a porter would do almost anything for a cigarette. I have seen even a dignified gun-bearer patiently wait for ten minutes to be rewarded with the cigarette stub which his master discarded.

In addition to their fondness for tobacco, many of the men were addicted to gambling, the favorite game being one played with pebbles, on the order of jackstraws. Occasionally, enthusiasm overcame prudence, and once my second gun-bearer, Gilagway, lost not only his blanket but actually his pants at this fascinating pastime. Inasmuch as the blanket was not to become his property until the safari ended, and the abbreviated trousers really belonged to the chief steward, Gilagway was in sad straits.

I was sorry, for I liked Gilagway. But he was a poor loser, and when he found himself blanketless, his wails could be heard for blocks.

Near the one night camp which separated us from the Gambia Hills was a very striking granite formation, locally known as the tomb of a famous chieftain. It is doubtful if this was true, but at any rate

it sounded well. That night while the boys were sitting about their fires, Dick took a photograph of the camp, with the aid of a couple of Marshall magnesium flares. The astonishment of the natives was unbounded. "Ai, ai, ai," they exclaimed, "the new master can make night into day! Now we must behave ourselves."



Safari water carriers, with their calabashes

Our Gambia camp was situated on a high, rocky ridge, far up on the escarpment, and several miles from water. In the near-by stony korongo we found plentiful signs of elephant, some of the spoor, such as recently broken and stripped green boughs, being quite fresh. In the forest the going was hard, but on the grassy hillsides it was worse. After a few

miles, the soles of our shoes were as smooth as glass, and the ascent of the long, steep slopes reduced us almost to a state of physical collapse.

There were two hillsides in particular between us and the elephant territory, the memory of which is still a nightmare to me. I would climb and slide for



Colored folks the world over have a fondness for chicken

five minutes, lie down for ten, and then repeat the performance.

We at once started for the swamp, and on our arrival were rewarded by the sight of three cow elephants, grazing in the open arc which marked the apron of the tinga tinga. The swamp itself was a forbidding bit of ground. Thickly covered with a rank growth of flag and papyrus, and with an oozy

floor of thick, tenacious black mud, it certainly was not the sort of place in which one would invite an elephant charge.

Stimulated by a sight of the big brutes—we had at least seen wild elephants!—we trailed back to camp. Later in the evening the scouts reported the presence of two fine bulls, a large one and a small one, in the southern end of the marsh.

The next morning we were again on the neighboring hillside, athrill with thoughts of a fruitful day. Near the far end of the tinga tinga stood a fine young bull, his tusks agleam in the bright sunlight. Long and bitter experience has taught me that "He who will not when he may, when he will, Fate says him nay," and I was all for dropping down into the swamp, and gathering the thick-skinned and stalwart young gentleman home to his fathers. The minimum weight of an acceptable tusker, however, is thirty pounds per tooth, and there was some question in the minds of our guides as to whether our new acquaintance would fulfill the requirements.

They thought he would, but they were not absolutely sure. Inasmuch as another of their patrons had recently killed an underweight animal, they feared criticism from the Game Department, and my suggestion was vigorously vetoed. Had I known as much then as I did two months later, I should have gone despite any protest they might have made, for at the worst I should only have had to turn the tusks in to the Government; but I did not wish to be dis-

agreeable, and finally I acceded to their wishes. Fortunately, Dick succeeded in getting some excellent pictures of the animal with his moving picture camera, equipped with a telephoto lens. It was well he did, for we white men never saw the bull again.

That afternoon, when we returned for another visit, there were no elephants in sight. Our scouts



Dick goes into action with his movie

had not seen them decamp, however; so we decided to go down into the swamp.

In places of that sort the wind is always tricky, and in the present instance, the gentle little zephyrs fairly outdid themselves. We climbed, crawled, and slid down the long, greasy slope, and found a dense, lush growth of eight-foot papyrus, standing in six inches of water. The wind appeared to be blowing from the swamp toward us, but as we circled the

margin of the marsh, the currents of air shifted, first in one direction and then in another, until we did not know what to expect. In wading through an open arm of the muddy area, a gun-bearer showed us where one of his associates had been killed by a wounded elephant the year before. The infuriated



Searching for game

animal had charged, but at first the nimble native had escaped in the tall grass. An elephant's sense of smell is its greatest asset, however, and the maddened monster finally located the wily Mbulu, and danced a jig on his prostrate form. After a day's search the body was found and recovered, its location being ascertained by the presence of a single

leg sticking up out of the thick mud in which the rest of the corpse was deeply imbedded!

It certainly was a pleasant thought for one to carry into that wet, muddy, messy, elephant-smelling bog!

We carefully worked our way along the far side of the swamp until we had reached a point near



Typical African veldt

where we had seen the cows on the first day. There was fresh sign everywhere, and the place had the odor of an elephant corral. Breathless, and tense with expectation, we crouched beside a giant tree and waited, while a scout climbed a near-by sapling, to reconnoiter. He motioned, and our hearts almost stopped beating. The elephants were at home!

He dropped back to ground, and crept over to the

senior guide. They held a whispered consultation, after which the guide passed us the word that the game scout had seen five elephants standing in a pool about thirty yards away, but that he thought all were females. One dared not wade out toward them, through the thick rushes, for a charge would most certainly have proved disastrous. All we could do was to remain quiet, and pray that the wind would behave itself until our opportunity arrived.

With rifles at the ready, and every sense on the alert, we waited. Every minute seemed an hour. At last we heard a crash. The animals were on the move! We could only hope that they would come in our direction. Again, silence for a moment, and then a sudden rush as a huge old cow charged over toward us. The tall grass parted. We did not wish to kill a female; but when one's life is at stake, it is well to take no chances. A long snaky trunk went up, like a pliable black stovepipe, far above the green papyrus wall. "She has our wind," hoarsely whispered the old white hunter. A moment later, and we were fairly deafened by the hoarse trumpeting, and the crashing sound of breaking underbrush as the entire herd made off for the far end of the swamp.

Disconsolate, we silently plodded homeward. The hills seemed steeper and slicker than ever, for we realized the loss of a long sought opportunity; and in our breasts hope was as dead as the ashes of a long forgotten camp fire.

Late, too late, that night, we learned that the bulls, which had been grazing in another part of the tinga tinga, did not leave the swamp until long after we had departed.

Further sojourn at Gambia being useless, we at once prepared to break camp, and shortly after day-break the next morning we began the march back to our old camp site in the Muthianga Hills. We slept there, and then made a forced march to the domain of Chief Hau, far out on the old Mbulu game reserve. It was here that Mr. Arthur S. Crites and his fine young son, Angus, of Bakersfield, California, had had excellent success a few months before with Prinzloo as their guide. At present this territory is open to sportsmen, but it is so thickly settled with native cattlemen that game is far from plentiful. There are some buffalo, however, and an occasional elephant. The home of Sere, our best game scout, was situated within a hundred yards of our new camp, and our tents were scarcely up before his son, a cute little chap of four, was on hand with some corn for his father's dinner.

That afternoon the scouts reported the discovery of a buffalo in the near-by korongo. When I asked them where it was, they looked to the north, pointed northwest, and said "Huko." Now "huko" is a very elastic Kiswahili term. Snappily pronounced, it means "right over there." When the sound is lingering, as "hooko," it means the involvement of a much greater distance. As Dick said, "When it is 'huko,'

take one riding mule; when 'hooko,' take two." This time, they said "huko," but they meant "hooko." Dick, the younger white hunter, and I each grabbed a rifle and a handful of cartridges, and tore off, on foot. Komongu, one of the scouts who had located the big bovine, led the way, and in a moment a small herd of gun-bearers and camera boys were close be-



Cleaning the rifles

hind us. The altitude was around 6,000 feet, and both Dick and I were physically soft. Consequently, we were blowing like porpoises at the end of the first mile, and there were still two more to cover! We managed it, much to my surprise, and leaving the camera boys and the spare gun-bearers at the edge of the heavily wooded canyon, we wormed our way downward, through the almost impenetrable thorny jungle. It was nearly six o'clock before we reached

the spot where the buffalo had been seen, but Komongu proved very skillful, and went straight in.

Finally, he indicated, by signs, that our quarry was not far away. Dick, with the guide at his side, was to have the first shot. I backed the play of both, with my double .465 Holland. I had rather try to play tag with a drygoods box full of hungry rattle-



Dick and Accheso, his gun boy, bring in a huge buffalo

snakes than flirt with a wounded buffalo in thick cover; and if the shrubbery had been set any closer, it would have formed a solid wall. Dusk was coming on, which did not improve matters. "Huko, Bwana, bogo 'kubwa" ("There, Master, big buffalo"), hoarsely whispered our guide. I was a pace in the rear, and did not succeed in catching even a glimpse of the animal. But Dick had dropped to his

knee, and instantly I heard the roar of his big .600 Jeffrey. A short fraction of a second, and the guide's 11.2 mm. Mauser added its voice. A loud bellow, and the crash of broken underbrush, as the maddened animal tore off down the korongo.

The trampled shrubbery was splattered with blood, and we were positive that the big bull was hard hit. But we realized that it would be very unwise to follow him in the dusk. In fact, it would almost certainly lead us straight into trouble.

So we decided to go back to camp and give the vicious old chap time to stiffen up a bit. Under such circumstances, a good plan is to sit down quietly, smoke a cigarette or two, maybe take a nap, and at the end of two hours, start in pursuit. This idea, first suggested to me by Major H. B. Bates, a famous sportsman of Shanghai, frequently has saved me a lot of trouble.

Immediately after breakfast the following morning, all four of us, with two groups of trackers, were again on the scene. Komongu picked up the trail like a trained setter, and was off at a brisk trot. In and out, up and down he went, with the rest of us following, as swiftly and as quickly as we might. Often a wounded buffalo will stand in wait for its enemy, or even back-trail him. At various times I have lost three acquaintances in this way, all experienced hunters. Consequently, too much enthusiasm is to be frowned upon.

For two long hours we kèpt at it, until both my body and my patience were practically exhausted. Komongu apparently was as fresh and alert as ever, for he had just picked a tuft of blood-matted brown hair from a jagged, broken limb which projected into the trail when we heard a shout, some fifty yards in



Komongu, the game scout, is measured for a new pair of buffalo-hide sandals

front. Two of the scouts had found our prize, lying on his knees in the trail, the body still warm! I was sorry that the honor had not been Komongu's, he certainly had earned it, and when the animal was skinned, and his much prized hide turned over to the boys for sandals, I saw to it that our handsome young sleuth received the best piece as his share.

With so much fresh meat on hand (the beast weighed at least a ton), I feared some of it might go to waste, but there was really no necessity for loss of sleep on that score. I underestimated the capacity of the more than one hundred men composing our safari, and of their meat-hungry brethren, some of whom popped out of the bush at nearly every turn in the trail. Dick had remained until the last, collecting some interesting histologic specimens of



Female termite and mate. The brunette is the husband

heart muscle and lung tissue. "Was there much left?" I asked him. "Four film pack tags and an empty cigarette carton," he answered, laconically. And two days later, when we marched past, the carton was gone.

The potentialities of the territory having been exhausted, we were compelled to seek new fields, and we moved on to our fourth, and last, elephant camp. It was situated far out, near the edge of the escarpment, and on the fringe of Chief Hau's realm. Here the large game was not plentiful, but grass buck and

pigeons were to be found in large numbers, and we did not suffer from want of venison and wild fowl.

It was while we were stationed in this camp that Dick decided to collect some queen termites, or "dudu



A fine specimen of viper

bibis," as the porters called them. 'These large and interesting insects are to be found only in the huge ant, or termite, hills which dot the surface of the greater part of all East Africa. 'There is only one queen in each mound, and as she is to be found far

below the surface, her capture is a laborious and time-consuming process. The fact that we possessed no spades or other modern implements did not simplify matters. But the offer of three shillings per queen had its effect, and it was not long before a dozen squads of men were at work, busily grubbing away, with pangas and with sharpened sticks. A



Dick and the senior guide indulge in a "pigeon" match

Ford car could have been interred in some of the holes they made, but only occasionally did they capture the coveted dudu. The job at least kept them busy and contented and out of mischief.

One afternoon it was decided that the senior guide and Dick should have a pigeon-shooting contest, the first to be armed with a shotgun, the second with a .22 caliber rifle. The porters were greatly

interested, and I went along as umpire. Unfortunately, the pigeons were not at home that day, but the drive was not a fruitless one, because each of the sportsmen killed a duiker! The umpire declared the contest a draw.

Early the third day, our scouts brought in word that a large bull elephant was feeding in a small valley, about a mile from camp. At last our efforts were to be rewarded! Everything was in readiness, and ten minutes after the information reached us, we were on our way. Slowly and noiselessly we crept down the heavily wooded slope, led by the expectant and eager scouts, confident of success. But fate sometimes plays strange tricks, and in our case, apparently the dice had been loaded. During the brief interval which had elapsed between the discovery of the animal and our arrival on the scene, a native woodchopper had happened along. Finding a likely looking young acacia, he proceeded to hack it down. The resulting noise startled the timid and suspicious elephant, and so far as I know he is running yet.

The sign could not well have been fresher. The tracks in the soft soil at the bottom of the korongo showed that the huge pachyderm had turned around and shifted his feet a bit, when he first heard the sound of the axe; then he had started to walk away. The farther he went, the faster he moved, until, at the last, his steps were several yards apart, indicating that he had attained a speed of approximately fifteen knots. We could judge his probable weight

by the size of the tracks. The fact that they were of somewhat greater diameter than that of a large washtub did not tend to increase our happiness.

We yearned to murder the woodchopper in cold blood, but it would have done no good, and, besides,



Near some of the missions, fancy calico robes have the call

he was innocent of wrongdoing. But I should have liked for him to have known that I would gladly have given him enough money to comfortably retire on if only he had left "my" elephant alone.

Hotele Kifaru



ONE of the strangest and most striking features in African exploration is the suddenness and abruptness with which the flora and fauna change in immediately adjoining localities. Early in the morning you will be marching across a rocky, barren, arid plain, dotted with giraffes and ostriches; the noon camp will be pitched beside a water hole, and a host of gnus and zebras will critically inspect you, always at a safe distance, while you drink your tea; and night finds you on the lip of a thickly wooded korongo, with numerous kongonies and dear little "Tommies" for company, a myopic wandering rhino to tangle up your tent ropes, and wreck your nervous system, and seven hungry lions to sing you to sleep.

All hope of elephant gone, we started out to wander, like Jacob, in the wilderness; and our first stopping place, Endowash, proved to be a veritable hornet's nest for rhino. The Tanganyika license list allows two to each resident as well as to each visitor, and the canny Boers take advantage of the Government's generosity by shooting rhino for market. "Who wants to buy a dead rhinoceros?" I can hear a reader ask. The meat is not particularly palatable; in fact, it tastes like a well-boiled bit of automobile casing, but the Chinese have a high regard for the medicinal value (?) of the horn and its fixed

market price is thirty shillings per pound! A resident shooting license costs only a few shillings, and one or two good rhino horns will not only defray the expense of a permit, but will pay for a modest safari as well. In consequence, I am sorry to say,



Dick and a two-ton trophy

the South African immigrants occasionally are guilty of gross commercialism. In so far as I am concerned, they are welcome to all the ungainly, morose, militant old pachyderms in Africa. We wanted only good specimens, which are comparatively rare, and for the time being Chinese pharmacology did not interest us in the least.

The first afternoon, Dick and the younger of our guides indulged in a fifteen-mile stroll along the west bank of the Endowash River. That day they saw only one acceptable rhino, a two-ton bull, and eight poor ones. At first, the desirable one ran away, but as its course roughly paralleled their own, they kept an eye open for it. Antelope were somewhat scarce



I endeavor to persuade a charming water witch to pose for her portrait

in this area. Late in the afternoon they heard a couple of lions roar.

The sun was almost down when they turned their faces homeward. Ploughing through breast-high elephant grass in a deep and narrow korongo, they heard a slight noise ahead, and there, directly facing them, at fifteen paces, with head up, nostrils distended, and tail properly corkscrewed for a charge,

stood their antediluvian acquaintance of the early afternoon! There was but one thing to do under the circumstances, and Dick automatically did it. The butt of his smaller double rifle, a .400 Jeffrey



The end of a bold, bad rhino

cordite, which handles like a well-balanced shotgun, had scarcely touched his shoulder before he fired. Fortunately, the nickel jacketed bullet caught the trouble-seeker at the proper point on the left shoulder, and ranged backward and inward, perforating

the chest cavity. The rhino dropped as if struck by a pile driver. It was a lucky shot in the gathering gloom, and the young sportsman was extremely grateful that matters had turned out so well. As he discovered later, one seldom puts a rhinoceros completely out of commission with a single bullet.

We decided to build a tree nest, known as a lion "boma" or "kitanda," for lion shooting, and use Dick's quarry for bait. The nearest available tree stood at least seventy yards from the corpse, and the puzzling question arose of how to get the two together. Inasmuch as it was practically impossible with the tools at our disposal, to move a three-foot tree, we focussed our entire attention on the body of the recently deceased. It weighed around five thousand pounds, and was of such a shape that not more than twenty or thirty men could secure hold of it at one time. At last a brilliant idea struck me; why not chop off the rhino's legs close up to the trunk, and roll the sausage-shaped remainder? No sooner said than done. It was not a pretty way to treat the beast, but I am sure that had our positions been reversed, he would not have hesitated to treat us even more roughly. I recalled the fate of a friend, an old German professor, who was bug-hunting in Kenya. He was unarmed, and when attacked by the vicious and quarrelsome animal, sought refuge in the trough of a decayed and hollowed-out standing tree trunk. The maddened brute failed to impale him on its horn, but it did crush his body

with its nose, and when searchers found the corpse the next day, the mangled remains were plastered all over the interior of the refuge which had proved so inadequate.



A lion "kitanda," or shooting nest. Note the artistic ladder

Lion and tiger kitandas are of many different styles, and, as a rule, each white hunter considers his style the best. In northern Kenya and Uganda, many bomas are built on the ground. I have shot from lion "blinds" which were simply holes in the

ground, covered, after the sportsman had entered, with thorn brush. For bait, a dead zebra or antelope is firmly pegged out in front, some fifteen feet away. In Indo-China, we shoot tiger from tiny ground kitandas, no larger, and little stronger than a muskrat house.

One advantage of the tree nest is that the hunter is far above his intended prey, and the lion is not nearly so liable to get his wind. Lions and particularly lions which live in the vicinity of settlements, are extremely crafty and sophisticated animals. Even when hungry they exercise great caution in approaching a strange bait. We rolled the rhino body across to the selected tree, and half a hundred boys started in to build a nest. To one unfamiliar with native activities, it seems as if they never would accomplish anything, but our head man was an able director, and it was not long before a big pile of green poles had been collected. For holding the supports in place, "kamba," or tree bark, is used, and it answers the purpose most admirably. We saw neither nail nor hammer during our entire stay in Tanganyika.

Two long, straight (?) poles are first selected for a ladder. These are hoisted into place, and a skilled chopper then hacks notches in them, at regular intervals, and in these the crosspieces, or rounds, are fitted, and firmly bound in place with bits of pliable bark. Long before the ladder is completed, several of the more expert and venturesome climbers have

swarmed up the tree, like a family of monkeys, and are busy putting the primary supports in place, and binding them to the neighboring limbs and forks with suitable bark cables. When the platform is completed, basketwork walls are quickly built, with



A fresh lion bait

portholes for the rifles and for observation, and then both walls and floor are covered with improvised mats of grass. When the whole is completed, one has a very comfortable little house in a tree top, rocked by every passing breeze, and comparatively free from insects and similar pests.

Dick and I used to chuckle at the surprise and in-

dignation of the birds, when they came home to roost at night. Shortly after daylight they had flown away, in search of food and water. At sunset they returned, to find two strange looking white



A herd boy of the wilderness

men, and a gun boy, making themselves perfectly at home in the top of a tree that by all forest right belonged solely to the bird family! We were careful not to frighten them, however, by sudden movements or by noise, and sooner or later they would alight

and settle down for the night. But I have often wondered about the nature of their dreams.

The kitanda was ready by four o'clock; the boys had dragged portions of the bait in all directions to attract passing carnivora, and at five o'clock, Dick and I, accompanied by Accheso, the head gunbearer,



The rhinos were so belligerent that some of them even hunted us

gingerly clambered up the wobbly ladder, prepared to kill a large mess of lions.

The lions did not come, but the hyenas and the jackals did! I have seen and heard a few hyenas in my time, but never have I heard so many, or such enthusiastic ones, in one congregation. Just after dark the band struck up, and for several hours it sounded like the chorus in "Eliza Crossing the Ice," reinforced by the "Hound of the Baskervilles"!

They yowled and they moaned, they laughed and they shrieked, they yelped and they screeched, like demons in the pit. As variation, they fought each other, or snapped at the whimpering little jackals that had come, unbidden, to the feast. A phonograph record of that concert would have made a fortune for the proprietor of the old Gillis Theater.

We slept but little; in fact, only a deaf man could have passed a quiet and comfortable night in that bedlam.

The following day was punctuated by the discovery of more rhino; in fact, the neighboring forest appeared to be swarming with them.

A mile westward, the country consisted of open, rolling prairie, with occasional groups of scattered thorn. When we grew weary of sitting in our tree nest and listening to the hyenas, for the lions never came, we would wander off to the west, and shoot an antelope or two, for the table.

The beautiful acacia groves always reminded me of the Madison Gilliam apple orchard, near the country schoolhouse in northwest Missouri, where I was born. Mr. Gilliam was the most generous and lovable of men, and we children were welcome to all of the pink cheeked Jonathans, and fawn colored Maiden Blush apples that we could eat. The large and well-kept orchard, with its long, straight rows of fruit-laden trees always seemed a sort of paradise to my childish mind.

In 'Tanganyika, the resemblance was there, but the flora and fauna differed vastly from that found near my old home town. Every tree and every bush was studded with needle-like thorns, and on turning a corner, one might suddenly encounter a dozen hartebeests, or a herd of frisky and ornate zebra,



Baby rhinos usually are husky and athletic little animals

ready to bark their dear little heads half off, and frighten all the legitimate game out of the country. Francolin, quail, grouse, and guinea fowl were plentiful, and we killed a number of grass buck and bush buck.

One afternoon a guide saw a pair of cheetahs spring from a tree and make off across the flat.

Upon investigation, he found the half eaten body of a young impalla hanging from a limb, ten feet above the ground, and the remains of a monkey, near by. The big cats had stored the meat for future use.



The Beau Brummel of the safari poses with a Grant's gazelle

Inasmuch as we were particularly desirous of securing elephant and lion, and our hopes of elephant were practically blasted, I urged our guides to redouble their efforts, and find some lion for us.

Their original plans included a brief stay at Endowash, and then a move on Campi Ya Yoka, a farm which had recently come into their possession, and which they hope to turn into a coffee shamba. They



A famous chieftain in search of a hand-out

assured us that Campi Ya Yoka was a regular game preserve in disguise. It had for a long time been closed to sportsmen, and ours was to be the honor of opening the ball.

That afternoon we had the pleasure of meeting a famous local Mbulu chieftain, whose name I can neither spell nor pronounce. He was simply but elegantly attired in a large square of blue and white striped cotton bed ticking, with buffalo hide sandals, and a single feather sticking in his hair. He carried only one large aluminum ear ornament, and a long and well-sharpened spear. He intimated that he was very familiar with the habits and the dwelling places of two or three large, fat lions, but I fear that he was trying to spoof us, and that what he really wanted was a generous portion of fresh kongoni meat. Early the next morning we started for the private game preserve.

Campi Ya Yoka



THE trail was a long one, and the sun poured mercilessly down. We saw but little game, one rhino and a few ostriches and giraffes. The country was like a desert.

At noon we made a dry camp in the Red Korongo, a striking and peculiar formation which reminds one of the Grand Canyon. The walls are of hard red clay, and at many points are from fifty to seventy-five feet high. There are several tall, chimney-like peaks, with corrugated sides, which are more or less characteristic of the general structure.

And, at last, Campi Ya Yoka, or "Barking Snake Farm"! It received its name from the small black reptiles which formerly were to be found in great numbers in a near-by swamp. These snakes were reported to have made a noise resembling the croaking of a tree toad. In fact, at dusk we often heard a sound which our safari boys insisted emanated from the tiny reptiles, but we never succeeded in capturing one for scientific investigation. At first a reward of ten shillings was offered for a live snake; later this was increased to one hundred shillings, but without result. Our boys appeared to fear them very much. The white men insisted that they were harmless, but Asmani, our prize personal boy, thought otherwise. When closely questioned, he became greatly excited, and with rolling eyes, and

horror transfigured face, exclaimed, "When they bite a dog, the dog dies, when they bite a mule, the mule dies, when they bite Asmani, Asmani dies. They may not hurt the Bwana, but Asmani is only a native!"



On the way to Camp Ya Yoka

We were met by the tenant, Joachim Prinzloo, and his wife and their attractive family of six spotlessly clean, and admirably mannered children, whose ages ranged from three to sixteen. I have met many fine women on the frontier, but never a kinder, or better, or more efficient one than Mrs. Prinzloo. How she accomplished it is beyond the understanding of

a mere man like me, but there she was, two and a half days from the nearest settlement, with a house full of charming youngsters whom she was bringing up properly, and with credit. She had taught all of them to read and write, the little girls could sew, and cook, and the house was spotlessly clean.



The safari passing through the Red Korongo

Prinzloo was a fine chap, rugged and unpolished, but under all a gentleman. They had a small field of maize and a well-kept vegetable garden, and the yard was overrun with chickens and ducks.

But our affection for the Prinzloo family is the only kindly remembrance that we have of Barking Snake Farm. Before we bade it farewell, we had nicknamed it "Camp Grief," and as Camp Grief it will ever remain to me.

The day we arrived, one of the younger Prinzloo children was suffering from a severe attack of acute rheumatic fever, probably the result of a badly inflamed and infected throat. She was a darling little girl, and we did everything we could to alleviate her suffering. Our camp was pitched on a neighboring knoll, some two hundred yards from the farmhouse.



Joachim Prinzloo, of Barking Snake Farm

Shortly after luncheon, Dick, who had been out on a fruitless search for lion bait, came to our tent and told me that a very sick man had just arrived at the Prinzloo house. Six porters had carried him in, in a "Machalia," or hammock bed, suspended from a long pole. I at once slipped on my boots, and together we hurried over to see him. He was a fine

young Boer, Mathewson by name, and a well-known white hunter, who lived in Arusha. He had been out shooting with a party of friends, and had caught cold, which developed into pneumonia. His temperature was 105° , and he was a very sick man. We ordered him to remain absolutely quiet, in bed, and



The skull of a rhino which had once lived on Barking Snake Farm

suggested all that was possible in the way of treatment.

Mrs. Prinzloo gave up one of the two rooms to the invalid, and prepared suitable food, under Dick's direction. Mathewson owed his life to her, for at the end of nineteen days he was able to start home, in very good physical condition. It was undoubtedly

her nursing, and the milk and eggs that she made him eat that saved his life.

Late in the afternoon of the day of Mathewson's arrival, the eldest Prinzloo boy, a likeable but clumsy, overgrown youth of sixteen, while removing a teakettle of boiling water from the kitchen



A fresh lion track. Our nearest approach to big game while we were at Camp Grief

stove, broke the handle of the vessel, and practically all of the superheated contents went into his right shoe. He promptly fainted, as a result of the pain, and when I cut away the leather covering, the entire skin of his foot came with it! A hypodermic of morphia and an oily dressing made him comfort-

able for the night, but for two weeks he was unable to use the foot.

The final sick call from the house reached us the next (Monday) morning. While skylarking with some of the safari boys, their black cattle herder fell, and broke his left arm in two places! Is it any wonder that Dick and I grew depressed?

And to make matters worse, it required the combined efforts of three men, hunting for two full days, to secure a single kongoni for bait. Talk about game preserves! Not in the vicinity of that embryo coffee shamba. Sport-loving and hungry Boers do not mix well with African fauna, rules or no rules, and after the first day our chief steward ceased to boast of the wonderful shooting possibilities in and around the barking snake reservation.

A bait having at last been secured, we built a kitanda in a near-by korongo, and Dick and I again started spending our nights in the open. By this time I had grown so used to it that on the approach of darkness I found myself unconsciously casting my eyes about in search of a likely looking roosting place. It was not so bad, but we certainly were about due for at least a little encouragement.

The days slipped by. The only animals that visited our bait were the hyenas and jackals, and one quite prosperous looking, grizzled, old honey bear. We yearned to slaughter him, but the sound of the shot might frighten away a lion, and we felt bound to do our bit toward filling the ever empty bag.

At last it became unendurable, and I told the guides that we simply must seek new fields. After a long and serious conference, for to them it apparently seemed unbelievable that the place was so ut-



A winged giant of the Manyarra Plains

terly destitute of game, they decided that we should go far out into the blue, beyond the Essitete Plains, a corner of Tanganyika which was still practically untouched.

So off we went, hope again in the ascendancy, but well-founded doubt not far behind. Far out on the prairie we passed the lonely home of D. O'Byrne, a quaint and popular Irishman, and I was sorry that we missed seeing him, for he is an extraordinary man. A year or two before, one of his boys had reported the presence of a big bull elephant in his pet coffee patch. "The dirty varmint," muttered O'Byrne, and he grabbed his trusty old .450 Martini, and a handful of cartridges. He walked up to the big tusker, and began shooting him. The cartridge box contained only fourteen shells. At the twelfth round, O'Byrne began to wonder why the elephant didn't die. He looked at the almost empty carton. It had contained only soft-nosed ammunition! He rushed back to his boma, got some hard-nosed cartridges, and returned and shot the elephant, which was still standing by, a few more times! Finally, it died. The tusks totalled more than 200 pounds. O'Byrne's gun is almost as famous as O'Byrne himself. It is an old Martini, falling block, and the barrel is held in place by three feet of copper wire. To further complicate matters, the front sight is loose, and occasionally drops off. As a rule, he holds it in place with a rubber band. But the doughty Irish bachelor killed an elephant with it, and that is about all one can ask of any gun.

We covered twelve miles the first day, but the game was still scarce. We pitched camp on the old Ferguson shamba; and in the afternoon, I managed

to bring down a kongoni, our first in many days. It lasted the boys for just one meal.

The march on the following day was to be a hard one, without water, and we planned an early start. It was nearly eight before we were under way, however, and the trail was rough, although the scenery proved interesting. About ten o'clock we saw a



The deserted house on the Ferguson shamba

small herd of eland, but did not stop for them. The chief steward kept assuring us of the wildness of our surroundings until I began to soften a bit; maybe, after all, we were in virgin territory. But shortly before twelve, Dick spotted something white, fluttering in the grass, fifty yards from the trail. He circled out, and picked it up. It proved to be a page from the *Tanganyika Times*, for July 16, 1929.

And a little later we came to a recent camp site which had been made by white men. Somebody had again guessed wrong. But we stuck; it was about all we could do. At noon, Dick killed an eland bull, and we decided to build a small kitanda, and again try our luck. But nothing came.



We saw three ostriches on the O'Byrne farm. They were too tough to kill

The senior guide felt quite sure that the plains in the neighborhood of Manyarra, the great salt lake, would prove fruitful, and for two days we marched through the tall brown grass, avoiding the steep korongoes, and stumbling across parched, stony creek beds. It was near the end of the dry season, and the animals had deserted the arid plains.

I thought of Frémont and his followers, and their experience on our western prairies as we slowly plodded along, the gunbearers breaking the way for the heavily laden porters.

Our final camp on this leg of the journey was situated on a plateau overlooking Lake Manyarra.



The Thompson's gazelle is the most graceful and attractive of all African fauna

The few zebras and antelopes that we found were so wild that one could not have killed them with a French 75.

After inspection, the elder white hunter decided that twenty men should go back to Campi Ya Yoka for posho, and we should await their return, meanwhile trying for an antelope. In all of my African

hunting, I have never encountered "wilder game." One fine kongoni buck spent an entire afternoon spying at us from the top of an ant mound on a neighboring hill, more than a mile away.

The posho porters were to start back on the following morning. I spent a miserable night. More than two-thirds of our time was gone, and we had had practically no shooting. Once my mind is made up, I am not in the habit of mincing matters, and the moment we sat down at the breakfast table, the next morning, I told the two guides what I thought of the whole business, winding up with the demand that we be taken back to Arusha where I could secure some experienced white hunters, and put on a new safari. Apparently they had been expecting such a decision (and little wonder!), and the elder brother at once made a counterproposal that we immediately break camp, and make for the Serengetti Plains, which are well-known and famous lion country. Inasmuch as I had been talking Serengetti Plains ever since we left Arusha, on our way out, I was willing to do this.

We broke camp at once, and by forced marches, reached Campi Ya Yoka on the second day. No sooner had we pitched camp than Asmani, our favorite boy, became very ill. I turned him over to dear Mrs. Prinzloo and we picked him up, fat and well, two weeks later.

The Serengetti Plains

IN MODERN commercial parlance, the Serengetti Plains constitute a big order. They are from fifteen to twenty miles wide, and extend from Lake Eyasi to the Kenya border. Some of the included territory is good farm land, but the most of it is not. At certain seasons of the year it can always be counted upon for good shooting, however, and some of the finest lion photographs ever made were taken in properly baited areas in the Serengettis.

The canny Masai appreciate its possibilities as grazing land, and one finds Masai cattle kraals scattered about everywhere. How these doughty natives find water for their stock and themselves often is a source of wonder, but they know the country better than the average city dweller knows his own front yard, and, like most nomads, are very jealous of this knowledge. There are innumerable recorded instances of these savages refusing to divulge information regarding water holes, even to thirst-perishing white caravans, and not infrequently they will heartlessly direct a stranger far away from a neighboring water supply which happens to be low.

The trail leading from Campi Ya Yoka to the Plains winds up the side of Ngorongoro, with beautiful Oldonyo Lengai (The Mountain of God), which occasionally is an active volcano, off to the left. The

sides of the narrow road are of dense jungle, with here and there a tall, slender pine rearing its proud head far above those of the common herd. In the first four hours we climbed three thousand feet. The



Wild guineas require a lot of killing

porters were inured to high altitudes, and by this time Dick and I also were pretty well hardened; consequently the ascent was negotiated without much difficulty.

Halfway up, we met two Masais coming down, driving a highly tempered young bull to whose left hind leg a rope was attached. The animal promptly charged our caravan, and for a moment it looked as if something was going to get shot. The cattlemen



Three jolly Masai warriors

considered the whole business a joke until we pointed our guns at their beloved bovine. That seemed to sober them a bit, although they were still giggling like a couple of schoolgirls over the predicament of the frightened porters when we last saw them, squatted by the side of the trail, where they had

been driven, their recalcitrant charge still bawling and pulling at his heel rope.

We gained the rim of the Crater at eleven o'clock. Afterward, the going was not so hard. Skirting the edge, we slowly worked our way westward for about fifteen miles. Water was scarce. It was inadvisable to camp until we had reached a point about midway between Camp Grief and the Oldegom River, which lay a second fifteen-mile march away, where we had planned to establish our shooting base.

By two o'clock, all of us were seriously feeling the need of a little rest, and a few minutes later the safari came to a welcome halt, beneath two tall, handsome, moss-bedecked trees, at the far side of the Crater. The huge cavity, which will be described in detail in the next chapter, is very impressive. We rested for a while, and ate a bite of luncheon. Then the four of us started out to find some fresh table meat. Here, as at the farm, venison was scarce. We put up but two tiny bush buck. Of these, Dick missed the one and I the other.

That night was the coldest I have ever spent in Africa. With the mercury hugging the 42 mark, and the atmosphere full of moisture, our boys passed a miserable ten hours. Thanks to our eider down sleeping bags, Dick and I were as snug as two bugs in a rug. As a rule, I sleep cold, and again I blessed my dear old friend, Harry Jenne, for the forethought

which probably kept me from contracting pneumonia, and dying, 14,000 miles from home.

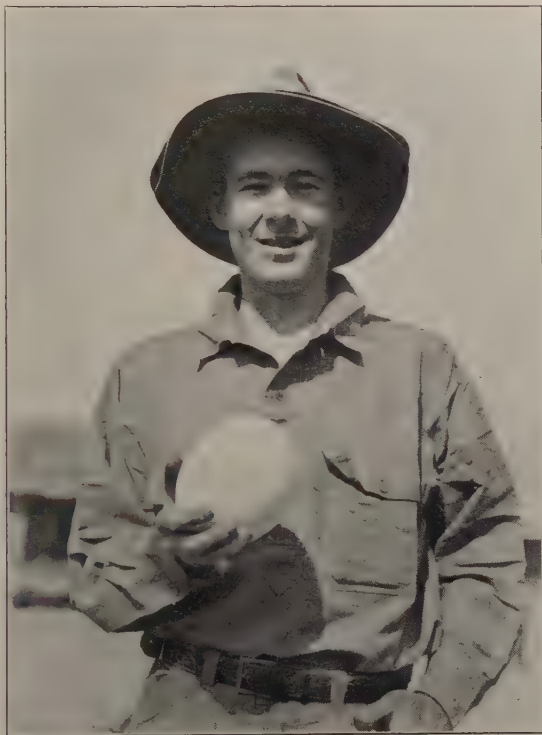
At this camp we shot a large black crow, with a snow-white band around his neck, and that was all. The place swarmed with Masai cattle and goats. All appeared plump and well nourished. Water is obtained from a near-by stream.



"The Midnight Belle," a graceful Masai beauty

The Crater-Oldegom march has a bad reputation, and Dick and I were a trifle nervous when we started out, the following morning. Like most matters that one worries about, however, our fears were unfounded, and we enjoyed every mile of the trip. The Magrad Plains are reached first, and here Dick secured some excellent photographs of Masai kraals.

It was on these Plains that two of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. King, of Winona, Minnesota, secured a wonderful bag of lions in 1927. The farther we



Dick finds an ostrich egg. Unfortunately it was an old one

travelled, the drier it became, and where on earth those wandering shepherds procure sufficient water to keep themselves alive is beyond the knowledge of the average white man. The surrounding hills show evidence of volcanic action, and even in September,

at the end of the dry season, they looked cool and green, and restful.

At eleven o'clock the safari halted for a ten-minute breathing spell. As usual, we swept the sides of the neighboring hills with our binoculars. "What is that?" I heard Dick exclaim. I pointed my more



A white-breasted crow, from the Ngoro Escarpment

powerful "Binoculars" in the direction he indicated, and there, standing on a wind-swept ridge, silhouetted against the sky, was a huge rhinoceros, with a horn nearly as long as a hoe handle! What on earth he was doing out on that bare plateau, no one ever will know, but there he stood, like Patience on a monument.

"Let us run over and collect him," promptly suggested my ambitious young offspring. "Why not?" said I. But our senior guide interposed all sorts of objections. It was a long way; we were in the mid-



A handsome young warrior of the Serengeti Plains

dle of an important march; we would not reach camp until dark anyway, and if we chased off after a rhino at midday, we might not reach Oldegom until midnight. But the loss of that first elephant still rankled in my bosom, and I was adamant. In that

state of mind, I would have walked fourteen miles for a shot at a Mission Hills chipmunk. "Certainly, we shall go," I snapped, "and if you do not like it, you can go elsewhere." We shouldered our rifles, collected a bunch of gunbearers and camera boys, inspected the canteens, and were off.

The wind was right, and we made straight for a bare korongo, which grooved the hillside, midway between us and our quarry. The beast paid no attention to us whatever; in fact, he must have been taking a siesta. I heard the clicking of Dick's movie camera and a moment later, a surprised snort from our thick skinned friend. Apparently he had awakened to the realization that company had come. My trusty old .465 Holland has a goodly string of rhino to its credit, and I did not doubt my ability to stop the big fellow in case of a charge. But apparently it was solitude and not a charge that he wanted, and he started off, at a good, round pace. I held on the point of his right shoulder, and loosed my first barrel. To my astonishment, the monster paid no attention whatever, but only increased his speed. Again the Holland spoke, but again without appreciable result. Then Dick's .400 Jeffrey broke the silence, and we heard both of the nickel jacketed bullets "plunk" on the animal's thick armor. The guide's 11.2 mm. Mauser then chimed in, but as he had only soft-nosed bullets, which promptly pancaked on the hard surface, the rhino was but stimulated the more. He raced off, all of us trailing

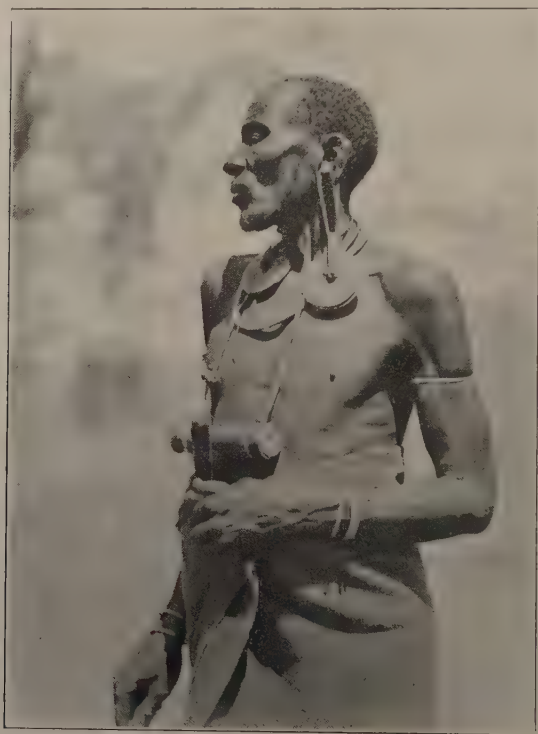
after him, puffing and blowing with the violent exertion. The guide and Akonai, his gunbearer, were far in the lead, yelling at the beast in hope of turning him. To me, it looked as if the ungainly quadruped was bound for the Abyssinian border. Sudan



This monster pachyderm defied eight ounces of lead and nickel

denly he slowed up, to take a look. The idea proved his undoing. Dick threw his gun to his shoulder, for a final shot, but as I glanced at him, I saw him shake his head, and lower the muzzle, without firing. "Let me show you how a real gun shoots," I jokingly exclaimed, as I flipped up my 200 yard sight, levelled the Holland, and pressed the trigger, almost before

the butt was firmly against my shoulder. "You hit him," joyfully exclaimed my son, as we heard the slap of the bullet. It was purely a matter of luck. I use a shotgun a great deal, but I am too old and



This old Masai chieftain was one of our first visitors at the Oldegom River camp

nervous, and too impatient to accomplish much with a rifle. The four-hundred-and-eighty-grain bullet had broken his right thigh. We rushed over and quickly ended his troubles with a head shot.

On inspection, it was found that every one of the bullets had hit him. My first was six inches too far back, my second too far forward for the shoulder, and too low for the neck. Any one of the eleven would eventually have caused his death, but he could have wrecked a whole regiment in the interval, despite the half-pound of lead and nickel that we had pumped into him.

The whole shauri had been a matter of less than half an hour. We started at eleven o'clock, and at eleven-twenty the skimmers were at work. A few minutes later we were again on the march, and, despite several stops made for the purpose of taking photographs, we reached camp about four, before the tents were up.

The Oldegom is a peculiar little stream, and during the dry season is only a few miles, two, or at most three, long. Fed by a number of large springs, it winds, serpent-like, across the arid plain, and disappears in the sand! The water is cold and pure, and as clear as crystal. On safari, good water means much, and all of us enjoyed it to the full.

Scarcely had we entered the Magrad Plains before we began to see numerous herds of antelope and zebra, and at this point the Serengettis were a veritable zoological garden. We shot only for the table and for lion baits, and even when we left, ten days later, a friendly family of "Tommies" stood on the hillside, eighty yards away, and waved us farewell. I think

they were grateful to us for ridding their paradise of a hungry coterie of lions and leopards.

If we had lost many precious weeks, pottering around Camp Grief and its environs, we made up for lost time at Oldegom. Signs of lion and leopard were to be seen everywhere, and had we been able to spend a month in this camp, I feel sure that we



The Bwana M'Kuba rents a couple of lions for an emergency

would have killed at least a score of the big cats. Under any circumstances, we did not fare badly, and our safari was saved from being practically a total loss.

It was at Oldegom River that Sere distinguished himself. I had been fond of him from the first, for he was an excellent and reliable game scout and tracker, but I had never seen him tried in a pinch.

I was spending the nights in a lion kitanda, six miles from camp, and he was my companion. As a rule, I was able to remain awake until midnight, and as the native boys have trained themselves to sleep at any time or in any place I would watch from six to twelve, and the boy would stand guard from twelve until four, when I would relieve him, in order



The first leopard at the Oldegom River camp

that he might get a snatch of sleep before we started back to camp. The nights were glorious. It seldom rained, and the sky was full of stars. I do not think one ever appreciates the glory of the universe more than when lying awake and alone in a quiet lion boma, far out in the wilderness. Most of us fear death because we must go alone, but if the loneli-

ness is that of an African night, one may safely face it, calmly and unafraid.

At half-past eleven, I heard a bunch of jackals. They were making a terrific row, and appeared to be circling my bait. Then quiet reigned. A moment later, I heard something gnawing at the firmly anchored kongoni which we were using as a lure. One



A proud young Masai shows us how to throw a spear

may safely flash an electric flare on the bait without frightening a lion. They seem to think it is lightning, and so long as one does not make a noise, they will not run. There, sitting up on his haunches, beautiful and proud and statuesque, was a huge leopard! It is far more difficult to decoy a leopard than a lion, and my blood pressure shot up to at least 200.

I slipped the barrel of my double rifle, the night sight was already up, through the little porthole, and pinched Sere, to awaken him. He was all attention in an instant, but insisted that my supposed "Chui" was a "Fisi," or hyena. I told him to turn on the electric flash, and see for himself. As the blinding tongue of light cut through the darkness, we could



Dick takes the center of the stage

see our beautiful spotted caller, surrounded, at a safe distance, by a circle of apprehensive little jackals, angry and militant, but quaking with fear.

Both jackals and hyenas hate the leopard. Why, I do not know, but I have my suspicions. When a lion kills, he eats his fill, and leaves the remainder to the lesser fry. When a leopard kills, if he can, he will drag the remains high up into the fork of a

tree. The strength of one of the big spotted cats is astounding.

One day a party of us were out, inspecting baits. We saw a leopard leap from a tall tree, near one of the kitandas. Upon investigation, we found that he had stolen our lion bait, a large kongoni, which had been lying in place for two days, and had dragged it up into a tree, more than thirty feet from the

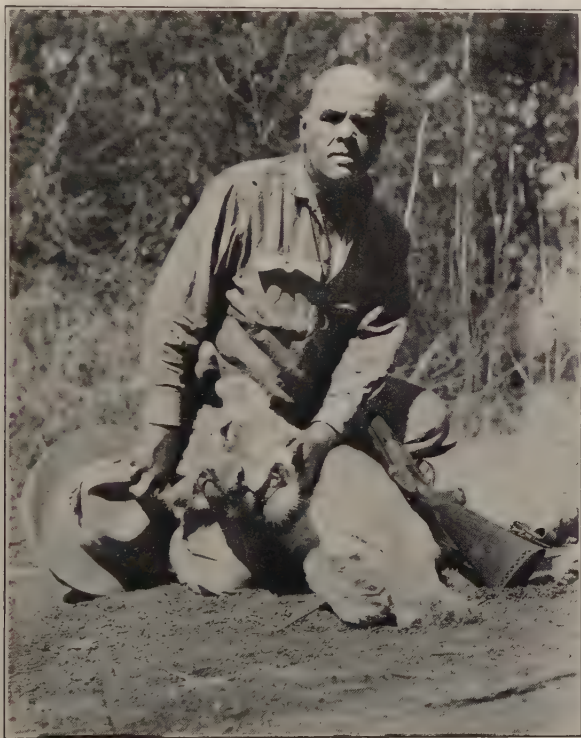


The leopard which Sere retrieved for me

ground. To us, it seemed unbelievable. The carcass weighed at least one hundred pounds.

But to get back to Sere and his star performance. As the figure of the splendid animal stood out, in the bright light, I held low, and pressed the trigger. In Africa one is always liable to overshoot, and particularly when firing from a height. At the roar of the gun, we heard a choking, gasping snarl, and the

leopard leaped fully twenty feet. No sooner was he outside the circle of light than his vicious little enemies, reinforced by two or three hyenas, were hot on his trail. They brought him to bay in a rocky,



The majority of Serengetti lions are maneless

thorny korongo, fifty yards away, and for an hour we heard them snarling, and snapping, and fighting. Then the noise died down, with only an occasional exacerbation breaking the silence. Sere was on tenterhooks. Theoretically and practically, I have al-

ways been taught to leave wounded leopards severely alone, particularly at midnight. The experience of Rattray, and of Tarlton, and of Cotter is still fresh in my mind. But Sere was like a bird dog in a quail field.



A beautiful specimen

Finally, when he thought I was dozing, he sneaked down the ladder. I had lost no leopards at that time of the night, but I couldn't let a barefooted boy shame me, so I slipped the rifle sling over my shoulder, and followed. I went very slowly, for, frankly, I was afraid. My hair resembled the bristles on a practically new toothbrush, and my heart felt as if it was in my throat. Timorously, I followed him

down to the edge of the korongo. "Sere, Sere!" I called, meekly. "Ndio, Bwana," came the cheerful answer, from the bottom of the ravine. Apparently the leopard had not yet devoured him. But inasmuch as I have a wife and two fine children dependent upon me for support, I felt that I had done my duty in going to the lip of the korongo. If the leopard



A zebra which had previously encountered a lion. Note scar on rump

ard attacked him, I could at least fire a shot or two down into the thorn-choked hole! But the beast was dead, and a moment later the fearless boy came slowly up the rugged incline, puffing, and dragging his royal leopardship out by the tail! Dear old Sere; to use a schoolboy expression, he certainly had the goods. When we examined the big cat, we found that the soft-nosed bullet had torn away the entire abdomen.

Two of our finest trophies, a lion and a leopard, were spoiled by hyenas. These mangy rotters are too cowardly to accompany the larger beasts up to the bait, but the moment a badly wounded animal escaped, the hyenas were hot on its trail. They even ate each other!



Our chief skinner exhibits two of our trophies which were practically ruined by hyenas

One night Dick decided he would try the effect of buckshot on a "fisi." The sound of the explosion had scarcely died away, before the shot-riddled and snarling ghoul was set upon by the rest of the pack, and torn to bits!

The shooting at Oldegom River was marvelously good, but toward the last, both Dick and I lost our

ability to hit antelope with the small bore rifles. Possibly the long continued nervous tension was having its effect; at any rate, never in my life have I missed so many shots. As a rule, we judged our distances incorrectly, and overshot or undershot. For instance, Dick, while trying for zebra one day, shot the same animal through the left front leg three separate times! And my record was even worse. But we had at last added the lions and leopards to our list, and, after all, this made life worth while.

The Crater



NGORO NGORO Crater lies about seventy-five miles west of Mount Meru, as the crow flies, and sixty miles, three days by foot, from Mbulu. It is about forty miles in circumference, and approximately one hundred square miles in extent. It is the largest crater of its type in the world. While it lies some 2,000 feet below the level of the surrounding country, even the floor is between 6,000 and 7,000 feet above sea level. There are three or four rough trails leading down into the interior, but as a rule the walls are almost perpendicular, and very rugged, and even if one selects the easiest grade, both ascent and descent necessitate much muscular effort. As Holmes, in *East Africa*, has said: "Ngoro Ngoro is literally an Africa in miniature, complete in swamps, forests, jungles, and pasture lands, and has two lakes—one of perfectly good fresh water, the other a soda lake, similar in every respect to Eyasi to the south and Natron to the northeast—each feature it would seem placed in its right and natural position by a skilled and thoughtful landscape architect working on a gigantic scale.

"Here, in a mist-laden atmosphere and a temperature which is never torrid, even at midday, there are immense areas of grass such as Highland cattle would thrive upon, and, what is more wonderful, thousands of acres of clover, growing to a height of

two feet or more. How it got there is a mystery, seeing that it is not to be found in the vicinity, but it is there, and it is not surprising therefore that the Crater is a Paradise for game. Drought is unknown, and when the rest of Africa is dry and brown, here are countless acres of lush feed, and at all times



Gnu at a water hole in the Crater

enormous numbers of animals, providing an almost incredible spectacle."

The majority of the animals are wildebeest and zebra, but there are thousands of "Tommies"; kongonies, or hartebeest, are frequent, and ostriches are numerous. We heard no lion, but saw a score of hyenas. While the animals do not fear the natives—the game askaris are Masai, and are not allowed to own firearms or to disturb the game in any way

—they have a wholesome respect for the white man (how they distinguish him, nobody knows!), and the moment one strolls out to secure a photograph, they scamper away.

Captain Minnery, the chief game ranger, had been so kind as to give us permission to spend a couple



A hyena sneaks over for a drink

of days in the Crater, and we camped near the ruins of a house which had once been the home of our senior guide. Near by is a beautiful stream of clear running water, which heads in a big spring that bubbles out of the west wall of the Crater. It was while in camp here that the old white hunter told us of his experiences as a pioneer in this beautiful spot. Masai cattle raiders gave them a lot of trouble, and

I fear the settlers killed almost as many Masai as they did elephant.

It was also while here that we learned of the efforts of a third brother, the oldest of the family, to establish a kongoni canned-meat factory near the



A dignified old Maribou-stork

east end of the Crater! One can readily imagine the hit that this made with the sport-loving British, and no sooner had the Crater come into their possession than it was promptly converted into a Government game preserve, and a game preserve I trust it will forever remain.

We built a small grass boma, or hide, near one of the drinking holes, and here Dick and I secreted ourselves, armed with a large and impressive battery of cameras. It is possible that if we had allowed the kitanda to remain in place for a few days, to permit the animals to get used to it, the results would have been better, but as our time was short,



A famous "medicine tree" in the Crater. Note necklace and other offerings

we had to take what Fate was kind enough to send, and she didn't send much. Not an animal approached closer than sixty yards, and the ostriches grimly eyed us from a distance twice as great. Dick did fair work with a 6-inch telephoto, but I was at a decided disadvantage, and after wasting a couple of packs of film, I found a comfortable, shady place

alongside the green wall, and went to sleep. An hour later Dick aroused me to show me a hyena, but even this mangy brute was so suspicious that his image on the mirror of the big reflex was little larger than a gnat's eyebrow.

On our way back to camp, we visited a Masai "dowie" or medicine tree, far out in the Crater. It proved extremely interesting. The tree was a huge wild fig, and at the base the trailing roots formed partitions and compartments. Here we found necklaces and bracelets, bits of shell and other precious articles of savage adornment. We were warned not to disturb them, as the Masai are a very superstitious people, and any one who tampers with their "dowie" is liable to get into serious trouble. The articles are of course left hanging on the tree to pacify the god who controls illness, or, more frequently, as a gift to guarantee the donor against barrenness.

Several aged Masai called on us to pay their respects. Each presented a calabash filled with very smelly milk, and in return received a handful of salt, or some other small article, such as a box of matches.

On the following day we marched straight across the floor of the Crater, and noon found us scaling the east wall, a tortuous climb of two thousand feet. Practically our last night on safari had been spent in the biggest and most wonderful volcanic crater in the world. It was a fitting farewell to the blue.

The Wambulu People

By RICHARD L. SUTTON, Jr.

HE realization of a long planned shooting trip in Tanganyika brought my father and me into close contact with the Wambulu people. They proved so kindly, coöperative, and interesting that a large proportion of the allotted time for hunting was given to an investigation of their ways of living. Mr. William Brown Robertson, their district officer, stationed at Mbulu, is justly held in the highest esteem by them; he was a most patient and generous source of information regarding them, and knowing of no description in the English language of the natives of his district, he strongly encouraged such an undertaking. Mr. Brown Robertson has at his finger tips practically all that is known of these people, one of the scores of African tribes whose source of migration and anthropologic relationships are darkly veiled in an unwritten history.

The Wambulu, formerly known as the Iraqw, derive their name from the German settlement, Mbulu. They number approximately 120,000. They inhabit a rolling, open, highland country, an isolated territory between 5,000 and 6,000 feet above sea level. To the east is the Mbulu escarpment, overlooking the Mbugwe Plains and Manyara, a salt lake. The south is barred by the Great Rift Valley.

North, in the region of the Ngoro Ngoro Crater, are the kraals of the Masai. Westward are desert wastes and another saline body of water, Lake Eyasi. Mbulu, 140 miles west of Moshi by map, marks the center of densest population, which thins out as one travels toward any border region.

The district boasted some 14 white inhabitants in 1916, the number of whom increased to 49 by the



A typical Wambulu home

end of 1927. For some years, however, a Roman Catholic mission, established at Mbulu, has been active in giving the natives practical training in agricultural methods in addition to religious guidance.

The climate of this region is in many respects enviable. The altitude insures comfortable days and cool nights; the thermometer ranges from a maximum of about 73 degrees F. in December to a mini-

imum of 64 degrees. Short rains in November and December are followed by the long rains of March and April, the precipitation totalling some 30 inches. The air is clear and invigorating, rarely violently agitated by storms, but seldom calm. While vegetation flourishes luxuriantly in the rainy season, during the dry the landscape is green only in the vicinity of the water holes; the grass is parched, short, and frequently burned off, the maize stunted and desiccated, the crooked gray thorny branches of the low acacias are devoid of foliage. Forests exist only on the mountain slopes and the rugged sides of the deep ravines near the face of the escarpment. Practically all of the trees have been cut down by the natives, and one sees large deforested areas on the mountain sides. Yellow grass-covered kopjes, yellow plains dotted with rounded ant hills, rocky korongoes with a few gnarled thorn acacias, flat native huts on the hillsides, overlooking half-acre maize shambas, scattered herds of goats and humpbacked cattle, tended by naked little boys with toy spears and protruding abdomens—this is the typical dry season scene.

From the standpoint of health, the district is far superior to the Mbugwe Plains below the escarpment to the east, where malaria and relapsing fever are common, the tsetse fly much more abundant, and the water apt to be brackish and dangerous. The highland water, arising from numerous springs, is very clean and cool. It requires boiling for Euro-

pean consumption more as a fastidious precaution than as a necessity. Above the Mbulu escarpment the white man discontinues the daily five-grain capsule of quinine which is essential between Mbugwe and the coast.

The soil is of lava origin, red or reddish-yellow in color, stony on the hillsides where the finer particles have been washed away, and quite fertile when



These Wambulu matrons are carrying baskets filled with Indian corn

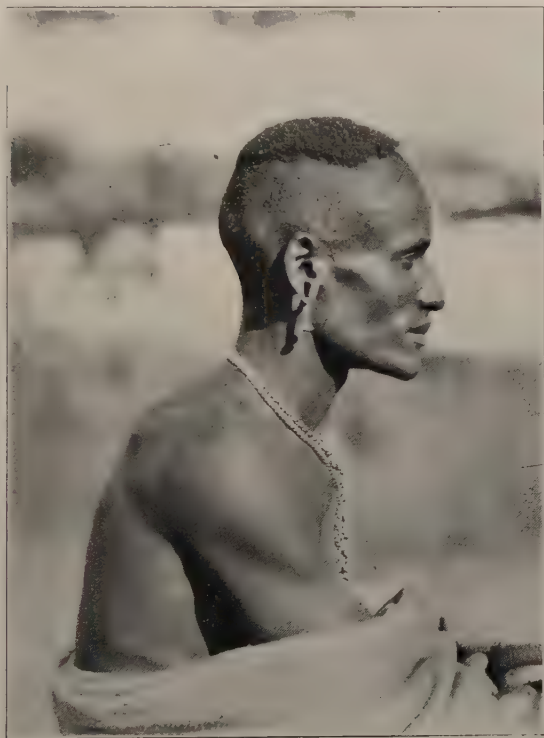
sufficiently watered. Said to be low in nitrogenous elements, it nevertheless produces without cultivation sufficient forage for the half-million head of cattle owned by the natives. During the rains, it is heavy and tenacious, limiting travel for all except the extremely energetic to within a few hundred yards of home. Minerals are absent here as elsewhere in both Tanganyika and Kenya, and the

Wambulu know no mining process other than the digging of honey from the myriads of termite mounds.

Wild animal life is limited, as is inevitable in regions of human residence. Game and civilization cannot go together. One hears of occasional leopards, which have an inordinate fondness for dog meat, and have been known to steal a baby in their nocturnal prowls. Hyenas howl at night, but the lion has retired to more isolated haunts as the elephant did much earlier; and antelope and zebra and giraffe are to be found only beyond the outposts of the native communities. Even the rhinoceros, noted for his blundering and intrepid stupidity, has sought more congenial surroundings and has deserted the vicinity of human habitations. Song birds, scarce generally in East Africa, are rareties, but kites and vultures are numerous. Snakes, curiously enough, are seldom encountered. They command a wholesome, almost superstitious, dread on the part of the natives, who, intellectually uninclined to nice distinctions of any kind, make no differentiation between poisonous and harmless varieties, nor even between legless snakes and quadruped salamanders. As almost all African snakes are venomous, such fear has a reasonable foundation, and while brave to the point of recklessness in approaching wounded game, an Mbulu scout or gun boy can scarcely be induced to touch even a dead reptile.

In bodily conformation, the typical Mbulu is dol-

ichomorphic. The head is considerably longer than it is wide, the neck is long, the chest is phthisical, the long slender arms and legs have tireless, but not powerful, wiry muscles. A porter can carry a fifty-



A Wambulu porter who somewhat resembled an American Indian

pound load for nine hours, some twenty miles, over rugged, mountainous country, without water along the way. He comes in fresher than the white man who rode a mule most of the distance, and sets about

making camp energetic and uncomplaining. The hands are narrow, the fingers slender. The average adult height is about 5 ft. 6 in., though one sees occasional men of 5 ft. 10 in., and even of 6 ft. The women are of course somewhat smaller. The head is large with a high, square forehead, prominent even to bulging. The ears, of medium size, are usually pierced for some small metal ornament, frequently such a practical gadget as a safety pin for the removal of thorns and splinters. The cheek bones are wide and prominent, giving the upper half of the countenance a rectangular outline, while the jaw, wide at the sides, comes to a relatively narrow point at the chin, making the lower half of the face triangular. The nose is the telltale of a stock not quite pure. It is usually straight, high-bridged, and with nostrils of only medium flare, but one frequently observes those of pure negro form, as well as intergradations. The eyes occasionally have an unmistakable Egyptian slant; the irides are always highly pigmented. The lips rarely protrude in the true negroid manner, being not so full as those of near-by tribes. The skin has a reddish, chocolate tinge, not the charcoal shade of their neighbors, the Wanyamwezi, for example. The hair is usually kept closely cropped, the upper forehead shaved clean. Cut close, it is very curly, but not crinkly; when allowed to grow, as the "desi", or marriageable girls, wear it, it is decidedly long and wavy. The beard is of a fair degree of development, far more than in

the true negro, and while the men's chests are bare, their legs are quite hairy.

In summary, these medium-sized, slender, pigmented people, though sufficiently interbred with the



Primitive fire making

true negro to produce occasional negro characters, are physically much more similar to the Arab, and show evidence of Egyptian blood.

The Wambulu language, Kibulu, is Nilo-Hamitic, the family to which the language of Old Egypt be-

longed. Related to the Somali and Galla of ancient times, it is totally different from the Bantu tongues, which are spoken by the Africans from the Equator south with the exception of the Bushmen and Hot-tentots. While a relatively short visit did not suffice for the learning of their speech, one observed that the pharyngeal muscles, the back of the tongue, and the soft palate play the chief rôle in articulation. Few fundamental phonetic elements are enunciated by the front of the tongue, and the lips are used mainly for the explosives. Kibulu, as does Kiswahili, strikes a medium between "l" and "r." Many words end with a constriction of the vocal cords and the mouth open. The American listener feels that a sound unit has been cut off in the middle. The numbers, which follow the Arabic system, are given in illustration:

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1, <i>wūk</i> | 9, <i>gwa-láy-lě</i> |
| 2, <i>tsahr</i> (cut short) | 10, <i>měe-bah</i> |
| 3, <i>tām</i> | 11, <i>meebah nee wuk</i> |
| 4, <i>tsé-ahr</i> (cut short) | 12, <i>meebah nee tsahr</i> (etc.) |
| 5, <i>koh-un</i> (un as in French) | 20, <i>meebah ray tsahr</i> |
| 6, <i>lay-hoh</i> | 30, <i>meebah ray tam</i> |
| 7, <i>fah-unk</i> | 40, <i>meebah ray tseahr</i> (etc.) |
| 8, <i>dah-káht</i> | |

In addition to the decimal system, they derived from the Arabs the Mohammedan religion. In the past two decades, many have become converted to Christianity through the patient efforts of the Mbulu mission. There are now about as many of the one as of the other. The only obvious difference between them to one who sees human beings and not souls, is that the Christian native does not insist

upon performing the "chinja," or ceremonial throat-cutting of animals killed for food, upon the best heads one shoots for a University museum. Monogamy as a tenet of Christianity renders it distasteful to many, as a multiplicity of wives is distinctly advantageous economically.

It was the uniform experience of us on safari as of Mr. Brown Robertson, the district officer, that the Wambulu are remarkably honest and trustworthy. Not only do native servants drawn from their ranks not steal anything, but they actually render it difficult to throw things away. Repeatedly I have shredded bits of paper to prevent their being returned to me, and once, marching toward the front of the safari, I dropped a coin, which was brought me by a porter in the van at the next resting place. The government of themselves, following the long-standing British principle of ruling by guidance rather than by the imposition of new laws and customs, is largely in their own hands. Their dealings with one another in cattle and other property matters is frequently very complex indeed; but arguments seem always to be settled to the satisfaction of all parties by means of long, involved, and amicable conferences. Nor are they given to quarrelling with their neighbors, though the Masai, who strangely believe that all the cattle in the world belong to them and are simply loaned to others, are at times very provocative. The Masai, thought by some to be the descendants of a host of warrior deserters of

Rameses II, believing as they do, used, before European intervention, to reclaim their "loaned" cattle. They chose the middle of the night to do this because it was easier, and the resulting conflicts of opinion as to cattle ownership frequently led to bloodshed. The Wambulu men, of peace-loving dis-



An aristocratic Masai matron. She has a baby on her lap, beneath the blanket

positions, were nevertheless stalwart defenders. They changed their style of architecture in response to the raids, developing the present type, which is backed against a hillside to protect the rear, has windowless walls built of strong wooden stakes, and quarters the live stock at night with the family under the same low roof of fireproof clay. In an

attack, they firmly boarded up the sole entrance in the front, the women and children huddled under the cattle, and the men crouched with spears poised, waiting for a Masai excavator to make an opening in the roof. Through this the Mbulu guardian would inflict considerable damage with his spear, at least holding his assailants at bay until morning, when with the sun's earliest rays, a halt in the battle was customary. Such a defence was effective against small, unexpected, nocturnal raiding parties, but bloody wars in the daytime have been fought. At present, the fortified style of residence remains, its origin historical, its protection no longer a necessity.

The Mbulu home, or "tembe", is regularly situated on a hillside, a gentle slope sufficing; it overlooks a little waterway or valley trough. It must be within comfortable walking distance of a spring which never goes dry. Four or five to several scores of the low dwellings may be seen in the vicinity of a reliable source of water, never crowded closely, always several hundred yards apart, in order to provide plenty of pasturage for the cattle. The house itself is square or rectangular as seen from above. Its lateral aspect is wedge-shaped, the rear of the roof being contiguous with the hillside. The front presents a doorway, usually central, some three feet wide. Several stakes bound together by braided grass rope comprise the door, which is hingeless and most of the time leans against the side of the house. The walls are constructed of stakes sunk into the

ground closely side by side, stronger ones with forked tops being placed every two or three feet to support the rafters. The interstices are chinked up with clay. There are no windows. The roof is flat and horizontal, consisting of small branches woven between the six or eight rafters, surmounted by bundles of papyrus swamp grass, the whole being covered with a thick layer of clay or inverted turf. This hardens so as to support without cracking the weight of a human being. The eaves overlap from one to four feet, sometimes forming a distinct porch, and requiring special support by a row of poles. The supply of bamboo is far insufficient to meet a demand as a building material, though it is used almost exclusively by a closely related people, the Mangati, below the escarpment. The overall dimensions are about 20 by 20 by 5 to 6 feet. Inside, the ground has been dug away until one can almost stand erect despite the thickness of the roof. The floor is flat and horizontal, composed of hard-packed earth. If the space be divided into two parts, the larger in back is for the cows and goats and chickens, and is walled off by a low, removable railing from the front, a kind of parlor. If divided into three rooms, one side is given over to live stock, the rear half of the other side is a sleeping room, and the front half a combination dining room and workshop.

The furnishings are simple indeed. One finds a few metal or clay utensils for cooking, a wooden

ladle, a large clay jug for water, two or three wicker containers for grain, perhaps a very large urn for storage purposes composed of clay reinforced with woven sticks, and some four to six square feet of



A Mangati belle, with an ornamental scar on her cheek, and a cigarette behind her ear

woven papyrus mats. There is a maize mill, which consists of a large flat stone and a small one to be rubbed against it, the product being called "posho". There may be a hollowed tree trunk mortar and

heavy wooden pestle for pounding corn meal. Sometimes there is a bed, a mat woven to a rectangular wooden frame supported by four legs, apparently a copied cultural element. Firewood may be in the house, under the eaves, or in the front yard. Men may help the women cut firewood, but they must not carry it, for wood carried by a man is taboo for use within the dwelling. The fire is usually on the floor without regard to the smoke to which it gives rise. The inhabitants sleep on the floor, curled in their single, toga-like cloth garment, or a blanket. Squatting, they eat with their fingers from a common pot. An idle beehive may lie against the wall. It is a troughed log with small holes bored in the ends, a flat piece of wood serving as a lid; and it is tied in a tree top when in use by means of strips of bark. A few squares of worn cloth and a few thin, cheap blankets lie about. The list of utilities as well as of luxuries is completed by the agricultural implements, a heavy, short-handled hoe, made in Germany and retailing for four shillings, a rude axe, and a large soft iron knife, or "panga", used for anything from the digging of post holes to the felling of trees.

Most of the men own a spear, from which they are practically inseparable even in civilian life, unless their service to the white man requires the use of both hands most of the time. This weapon is of medium weight, and some six feet in length; its narrow, foliate blade, of fourteen to eighteen inches,

is fastened on with leather thongs, an eight-inch iron tip counterbalancing the butt end. It is worth from two to six shillings. The Wambulu are unacquainted with the bow, but a group of brave scouts will attack and kill a rhinoceros, hurling their spears at a range of less than ten yards into his neck and belly.



Native beehives, made of hollow logs

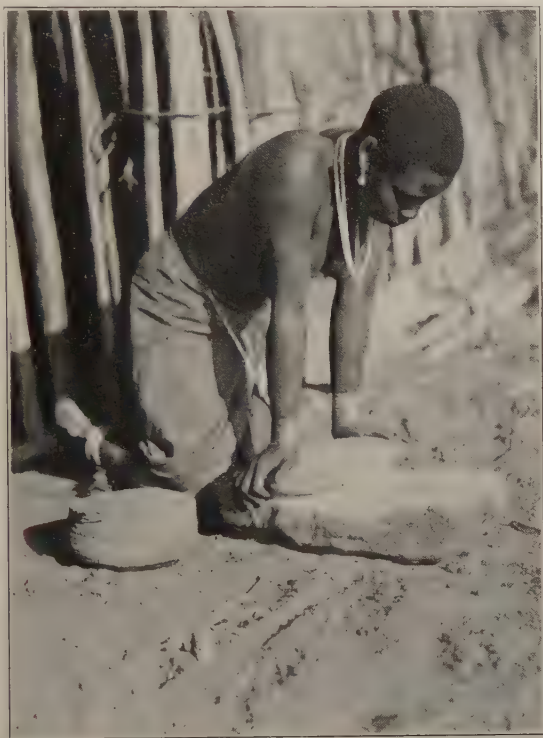
Accessories to the dwelling are sometimes seen. A sort of corncrib constructed of wickerwork and set on piles out of reach of the cattle, may furnish storage and drying space for maize, kaffir corn, yams, pumpkins, and calabashes. More often these are simply laid on the roof of the house, and protected from the ravages of domestic animals by a

few thorny acacia branches. A low fence, surrounding a small shelter, is sometimes built as a kraal.

I saw no ornamentation of any kind. There is no painting. The basketwork, while neatly performed and eminently practical, is uncolored, unimaginative, and of a simple in-and-out, over-and-under construction. Musical instruments do exist, but in the main they represent a purchase at the town, Mbulu. They resemble a crude lyre, having five to seven twisted leather strings. The music produced is accompanied vocally in a monotonous, minor chant, the words frequently being improvised at the time. In the dance, a tin pan, beaten with the hands in a complicated, repeating syncopation, constitutes the instrumentation. The men, wrapping their single cloth about their waists, form a circle shoulder to shoulder about the orchestra, and in unison, with knees bent, jump up and down upon the balls of both feet while revolving slowly about the center. At irregular intervals, there is a cheery shouting accompanied by a high jump and a particularly low dip. From the waist up the dancer is rigid. A new recruit leaves the band of onlookers, gets into step, and, bouncing, shoulders his way into the circle. As the ring enlarges, enthusiasm waxes greater. The jumping becomes higher, and individual dancers break into the center for short solos. The party ends only with advanced fatigue, as one by one tired men drop out.

Life on the whole is very easy. The dietary, while

at first sight seeming rather deficient, includes dairy products, eggs, honey, tomatoes, posho, made of ground maize or kaffir corn, and occasional feasts of meat. There is only very rarely a case of pellagra,



An-Mbulu girl grinding corn in the good old-fashioned way

a disease which accompanies unbalanced maize diets; and a few wild fruits, while not abundant, serve to piece out the vitamine requirement. There is little thought of the future, except for the storage of food to insure against an unfortunate season. Even this

foresight is a recent development, it seems, in response to European guidance. Remarkably generous, they live in almost a socialistic Utopia. A loan of food or cattle or other item of personal wealth is never refused; it is paid back eventually and usually at the borrower's convenience. What one has, they all have, with the exception of women. This, in fact, is the main differentiation between women and other chattels. The woman is a valuable asset. She does all the household work, grinds the posho, fetches the water and firewood, tills the soil, harvests the crops, carries goods to the market in Mbulu, sells them and gives the money to her husband, and rears the children. The girls, in addition to helping their mothers, bring their fathers a good price in the marriage market. The boys tend the cattle and goats, and help in the field. The labors of the men consist in the main in directing the women, but also they do much of the strenuous work of agriculture, they may cut the firewood, they build the houses, and they occasionally hire themselves out to the white man as plantation workers or safari boys. In the latter capacity, they are admirable fellows, cheerful, honest, seemingly without fatigue, and passably intelligent. They command a wage of fifty cents, African (about twelve cents), and a pound and a half of posho, per day. On this meagre salary and obviously insufficient food allowance, they live in apparent comfort and ease, pleased considerably by gratuities of one or two cigarettes, a tin film box, or a discarded

garment, and overjoyed when the hunter kills them some fresh meat.

The fields are small, rarely over half an acre in extent. The ground is broken entirely by hand, of course, the only tools being a heavy hoe, a panga, and a pointed stick for breaking the clods. Men and women labor side by side in the fields, but in accordance with ancient custom only a woman may plant or sow. The common crops are maize and kaffir corn which are dried, ground to posho, boiled, and eaten with a pinch of salt; yams (delicious when roasted, even better than the American sweet potato), pumpkins, squashes, tiny tomatoes the size of golf balls, and calabashes, which are utilized as vessels for all purposes. In the dry season, each plant is watered individually by the women and girls—surely with such tender care each ear of corn assumes for them a personality!

The domestic animals belonging to one man include from a dozen to several hundred humpbacked cattle, by far the largest proportion as well as actual measure of his wealth, a score or more of goats, a few chickens and sheep, and a mongrel dog. The cattle, among which is seen an occasional specimen of the long-horned Ankola variety, are valued at from fifty to two hundred shillings apiece, one hundred being an average. The goats run about fifteen to twenty shillings.

While the Wambulu are one of the few peoples of the earth who make no social distinction on the basis

of wealth, girls are nevertheless bought from their fathers by an exchange of chattels amounting to some two hundred and fifty shillings. A poor man desiring the daughter of a rich one may receive a



Watering corn in the dry season

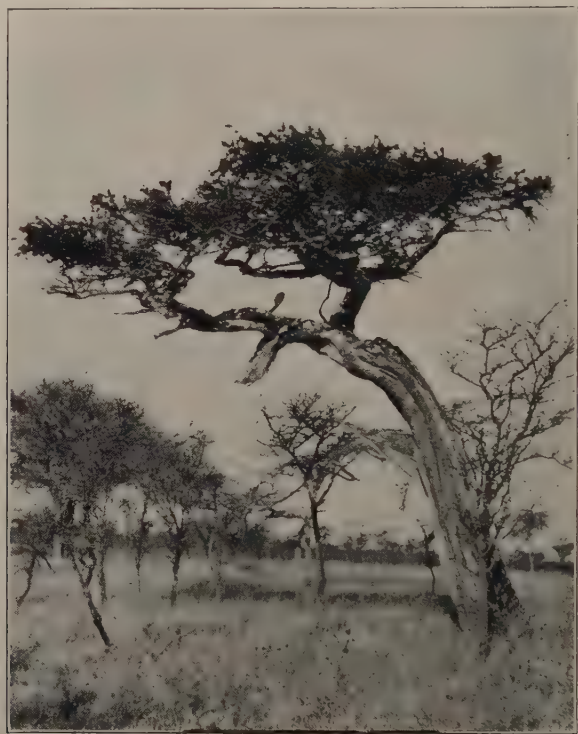
loan from the prospective father-in-law of several scores of cattle in order to "get started." The live stock is delivered over only for use, not as a free gift, and the interest consists in a portion of the progeny of the cattle. Some progeny go to the chil-

dren of the marriage, but the "capital" remains the property of the father-in-law.

As the husband may similarly lend a few from the group which in truth do not belong to him, and as the affair may pass through several generations without an accounting, during which interval one or more of the principals may have died, and as there are no written records, extreme complexities arise. Total strangers, professing to be lineal descendants of one's father-in-law three times removed, may claim a considerable proportion of one's cattle. The impossibility of dealing with this sort of "shauri" by simple English law is obvious, and Mr. Brown Robertson wisely allows them to settle it among themselves. This they do, given time enough, and hard feelings at the end are rare indeed.

In view of the difficulties of their pastoral occupations, the Wambulu can hardly be considered unenergetic or even lacking in initiative, but as history shows, the destiny of some peoples is leadership, and of others it is to follow. Proud in their way, and not to be imposed upon, nevertheless in cultural elements they evince little originality or creative ability. The influence of our highly developed civilization has already destroyed many of the externals of individuality. In dress, they have adopted the cloth and cheap ornamentation introduced by the European, and they laughably and pitifully ape the white man whenever a cast-off garment of his is obtainable. Both men and women drape themselves in a

single square of gaudily-colored cloth, wrapped once around then slung over the shoulder. It is purchased from a native or an Indian dealer for from four to six shillings. Women wear beneath this a leather



A beautiful old mimosa tree, near the Ngoro Escarpment

shirt, or "klau," decorated with beads in a style reminiscent of the American Indian. The beaded ones are recent; cowrie shells used to be employed. As the klau is a valuable heirloom, occasionally the old style is seen. Such are very valuable, and they

usually cannot be bought. The people go barefoot as a rule, but when travelling any distance they wear sandals. These have thick, hide soles, and are held on by leather thongs attached at the heel, joining over the instep, passing between the great and second toes, and again fastened to the sole at the front. A simple metal ornament is worn in the ear, which is pierced first by a thorn, then progressively stretched. Bead and brass chain necklaces, three or four for a shilling, are worn about the neck by both men and women, and many narrow bands of flexible, twisted brass wire, worth some five cents (African) apiece, surround the wrists and ankles. The men wear about the loins many strands of beads, the gifts of their fathers. Red is the color of choice; rose, white, blue, more rarely green and black, are popular. The cloth garments soon lose their original brilliant hue and assume the reddish-yellow tint of the soil. They are worn by day and slept in by night until they fall to pieces. The most popular form of ornamentation involving bodily abuse, in addition to the piercing of the ears, is the production of parallel rows of small hypertrophic scars on the breast and abdomen, both of men and of women; the face is seldom attacked.

The infant Mbulu is ushered into the world with the help of a native midwife. The risk of infection for the mother seems relatively slight despite the total absence of sterile or hygienic surroundings. It is interesting to note that the baby is put on a three-

hour nursing schedule with a midnight feeding, though the only source of pediatric information is by word of mouth passed on by the old women for generations. The infant derives a large proportion of his nutriment from his mother until well into his second year of life. A little boy tends the cattle, usually garbed simply in a string of beads. A little girl wears a dirty wrapping modeled from a discarded adult robe. The boy dons garments at about six years of age. The girl, as with low latitude women in general, matures early, and soon comes to wear a kalu. Her hair is allowed to grow long, and it comes out black and wavy, eventually hanging over the shoulders. She is put in the charge of the women in a sort of school, called "marmo", and must not even see men. From now until she is married, she is called a "desi". She is taught the stories of the tribe, and "the things young women should know", and work is for her taboo. The desi is especially well fed, her parents paying a small tuition, and she comes out of marmo usually fat and happy and to men very desirable indeed. She is not allowed to walk through water, but on all journeys is accompanied by a relative, usually her mother, who carries her over the puddles. Always a bit timid with respect to a camera, during this critical period of her life, the Mbu'lu girl evinces nought but the utmost lack of confidence in the most benevolent advances of the photographer. She is soon married, and cuts her hair, and goes to live with her hus-

band. When she becomes pregnant, she returns to the shelter of her parents' roof until the child is born. The husband has her, incidentally, on a "money back guarantee". Should she prove lazy or



A very safe and comfortable method of transportation

faithless, she is unceremoniously returned to her father, who must give back the dowry in full. However, she is usually a satisfactory investment, creating through her labors sufficient wealth for her hus-

band to purchase another and younger wife, and getting little thanks for it.

The composition and prescription of the native medicine is the knowledge and art solely of one man in the tribe. He is an herbologist, so to speak, composing his potions of extracts of roots and bark and leaves. There seems to exist a certain amount of the customary medicine man folderol, but the natives have great confidence in it. Even the more superstitious white men of the vicinity ridiculously enough believe that the "Wambulu dowa" has the occult virtue, depending upon the will of its Merlin, of causing one to succeed in astonishingly difficult rifle shots or repeatedly to miss exceedingly easy ones. While native medicines find themselves usually far beyond their depth in the treatment of real disease, they should not be taken too lightly, for cinchona, the specific for malaria, was introduced into Europa from a South American tribe of savages.

The accidental drawing of human blood is with the Wambulu a very serious matter. A sheep or goat must be sacrificed and partaken of by both parties. An accidental killing is atoned for by the payment of fifteen cows. A murder usually starts a feud, but can be adjusted by payments. Stealing a wife is more expensive, if one is caught, than to buy one outright. The fine is approximately six hundred shillings, but a settlement is usually made for considerably less. But for stealing a girl, the father

is rarely satisfied until the culprit is killed. When sick, the native is said to die easily, but in reality his assumption that disease is a manifestation of the will of God and his consequent hopelessness are quite



A Wakamba maiden with cannibalistic tendencies. Note "beauty" scars and filed teeth

justified in view of the small chance that is his either in the hands of his medicine man or if left alone. Living as they do, they have many parasitic infections; their blood is nearly always low in hemoglobin, and their diet none too rich in vitamins; and

their resistance to respiratory infections, in keeping with their dolichomorphic constitutional type, is notably deficient. They are remarkably resistant to ordinary skin infections, which, due to the thorny country they inhabit, are very common. Tetanus claims a small percentage. The myth that upcountry Africa does not harbor that anaerobic bacillus was exploded during the war when over a score of native soldiers in Tanganyika succumbed to lockjaw before shoes could be supplied in sufficiency. Tuberculosis and pneumonia carry away many, and a useless aged person, losing the will to live, simply gives up and "floats away" in that strange manner common to most savage tribes. This "floating away" would probably, if medically investigated, prove to be a combination of senility, malnutrition, and pneumonia; but I use the phrase of their excellent administrator, the district officer.

The disposal of the dead varies. Until recently, the custom was to turn the body out to the hyenas. The practicability of such a procedure has been much diminished by the rapid depletion of the wild life due to the depredations of the white man. There is nothing so disastrous to the morale of an Mbulu as to find the shoulder blade of his mother-in-law at his doorstep in the morning when he had entrusted her to the hyenas the night before, confident of complete disposition. The custom has led to the development of powerful superstitions regarding them, and an Mbulu will have nothing to do with one of the

mangy brutes, dead or alive. So now, burial has begun to be instituted. The body is interred, sewed in the garments it wore when alive, the head bowed, the knees drawn up, the arms folded. If a death occurs within a house, no longer can the dwelling be inhabited. With the body inside, it must be either



A Kavirondo porter who ten years before had argued with a lion, and come out second-best

boarded up and deserted, or burned to the ground. The money of the deceased is tainted, and the relatives send a friend to the house of the dead to take the shillings he had saved and exchange them for other shillings at the town or among distant neighbors. The dire consequences of a demise within

doors results in the dangerously ill being kept outside until they have shown great improvement, or the worst has come to the worst. Even with this precaution, a highly paid and highly intelligent gun boy, whose veneer of civilization vanished completely as soon as he returned to his wives and children, killed three goats, smeared his house with their blood, kept his head shaved, and refused all work for three months following the death of his baby.

These colorful people, who are destined to become drab servants to the agriculture of the white man in fertile Tanganyika, are already beginning to pale under his as yet relatively distant influence. In a century they will speak English, drink whiskey, shoot dice (in place of their own quaint gambling games, which cost our best gun boy his new coat and shorts!), go to picture shows, and be simply mongrel negroes. So it has happened to peoples in the past. We give them this dreary prognosis; we see them in the present, little understanding; we cannot reconstruct their history with accuracy even in bold outline. They appear to have migrated probably from the region of the southern end of Lake Victoria, to the Mbugwe Plains, perhaps as part of the body now split into Mangati, who never climbed the Mbulu escarpment, and the Wambulu, who pushed on. En route they met and intermarried with the Waniramba and Wanirangi, true, Bantu-speaking Negroes. This took place not earlier than three hundred years ago. They have come into the Hau re-

gion, formerly a "No Man's Land" between them and the warlike Masai to the north, within the past decade. There was an old story among them that a man and his wife should come to their country on a white mule. The child of this couple should become the ruler of the Wambulu. This came to pass. The child was born under a big tree not far from Mbulu; his name was Ishara. Ishara's son was Maramu, and Maramu's son, Ishara II, was chief when the first Europeans came. The people were not under administration until 1914. They now pay a head tax, and Michael Ahho, the present Manki, receives a salary of 1,800 shillings a year. Since 1925 they have been largely under their own laws, and indirectly responsible to the English Government.

Kiswahili

By Richard L. Sutton, Jr.



THE importance of a means of communication is not appreciated until it is missed. In the lonely middle of the night, swinging in a tree top in an insecure lion *kitanda*, a few whispered words with the scout or a gun boy on watch with you are a real comfort. In order to obtain just what you want from a personal boy, a meager command of the language is almost a necessity. And to prevent a great deal of good-natured but irritating bamboozling in monetary matters on the part of native servants, rickshaw boys, taxi drivers, and market vendors, a few well chosen Swahili epithets prove that the white man is no innocent tyro. One is offered the rates at which the initiated buy, and the respect one commands is far out of proportion to the amount of Kiswahili he is master of.

The Bantu languages are spoken by fully 150,000,000 people; Bantu is one of the eight great language groups of the world. Kiswahili, the tongue of the coastal tribes, is the common trading vehicle of the whole of East Africa. It is understood from Italian Somaliland to the Cape, and as far inland certainly as Lake Victoria, where Luganda supersedes it.

While Kiswahili to be spoken grammatically requires considerable study and effort to learn, a satisfactory "pidgin" Swahili, which disregards the

niceties of the grammatically correct forms, may be mastered very readily in the idle hours of the sea journey to Africa. Always there are several persons aboard who know the language and are glad to assist the beginner in vocabulary and pronunciation. It is mainly Captain Francesco Lucchesi of the Belgian Congo, who organized and taught a Swahili class on



Cheerful little beasts of burden, Kikuyu water girls

the "Usaramo" as we skirted the East Coast, to whom I gratefully owe my foundation. He is a born linguist, and a patient and earnest teacher. From what he taught plus an experience in conversing with the "boys", both on safari and throughout a four-thousand-mile tour of East Africa, I have extracted for the ambitious visitor a working basis. It is not accurate Kiswahili; in fact, it is better

named "Kipagasi," or "language of the porters." It disregards correct plurals and fancy adjective agreements, but it is truly better understood, particularly upcountry, than the 100 per cent pre-war variety.

"Kipagasi" is easy to learn. It has several general characters which should be noted. The words are accented always on the next to the last syllable, and a name borrowed from another language not ful-



Low tide, Zanzibar

filling this requirement has an unemphasized vowel tacked on it for euphony. A good bluffer can construct neologisms such as *shirtie*, *sockie*, *soapie*, and the like, that will pass with any coöperative tent boy. A knowledge of this process is of value when listening as well as when speaking. Secondly, words have many meanings. They are generic rather than specific, and one need never search for accurate

terms. *Sanduku*, meaning "box", covers the situation when referring to trunk, grip, matchbox, or other rectangular containers. To make the term specific, one adds *ya kebriti*, meaning "for matches",



A rickshaw boy who wore a horsehair wig

or *ya piktur*, meaning "for pictures", and hence "camera". The verb *piga*, means to "strike", "beat", or "hit", and if modified by the simple addition of the name of the means used, it becomes the specific

term for the purpose, as *piga*, *bunduki*, meaning "shoot", or *piga mkoke*, meaning "spear".

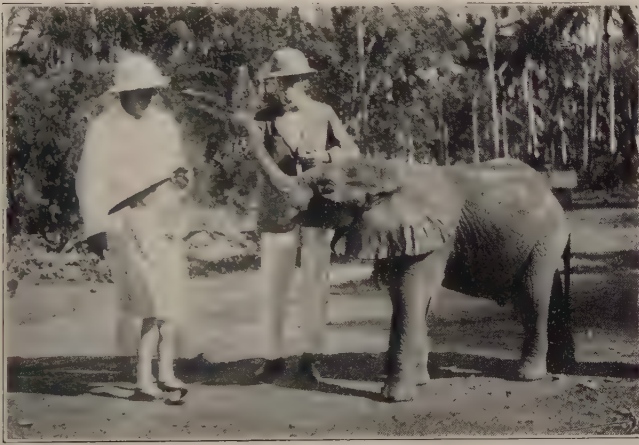
One limits himself to the communication of concepts of not too great complexity. The native rarely



A fine type of Arab, Zanzibar

understands an abstraction. Circumlocutions are not difficult to invent, and one derives a thrill comparable with that of solving a crossword puzzle when he ingeniously engineers the transmission of an involved thought by means of a limited vocabulary on

the one hand and a limited intellect on the other. Given the names of the commonly met objects, the commonly used adjectives, a few verbs and their rules of inflection, the pronouns and possessives, the ordinary prepositions, a moiety of adverbs, the "if", "because", "and", and "but" conjunctions, and a will to speak, one may string together considerable sen-



This baby elephant belonged to a friend of Mrs. C. A. Williams, Masindi.
Elephants make fine pets, but are hard on parlor floors

tences with ease and fluency after very little practice.

The spellings are rather arbitrary, but are phonetical at the best even in the encyclopedic grammars that exist.

The word order in Kiswahili is as in English, except that adjectives follow the nouns they modify instead of preceding, and interrogatives act like ad-

jectives. The verb comes where the American expects it.

The pronunciation of consonants is as in English. One is frightened at first by the "mb's" and "ng's"



Dick spent a busy morning with these two little lions

which start words; this is solely because of unfamiliarity. Try *Mbulu*, for instance. Close the lips, say "m-m-m-m", then explode the "boo". It is very simple. The initial "m" is almost a syllable, almost the equivalent of "um", but the difference lies in

closing the lips before vibrating the vocal cords.
The vowels are as follows:

a, as in "father."

e, as "ay," but is frequently shortened.

i, as "ee," often shortened considerably.

o, as "oh," short.

u, as "ōō" in foot, sometimes as in shoot.

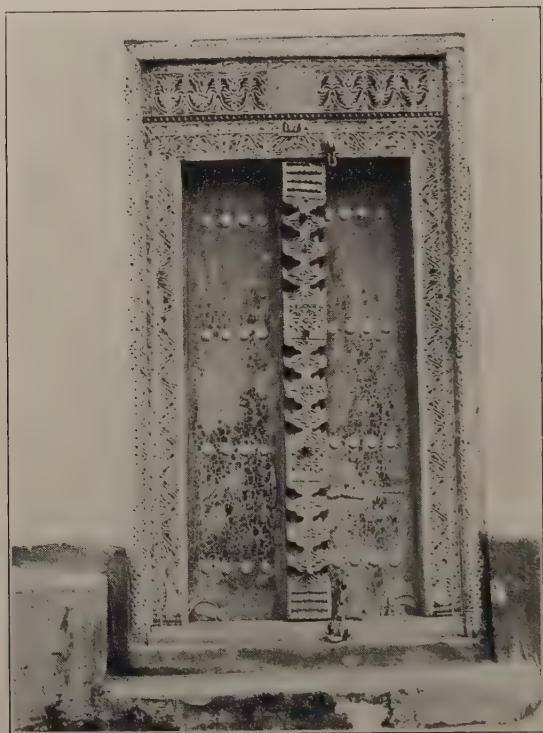
y, as in "yet."



A typical street in Zanzibar

The accent is on the next to the last syllable. For each vowel there is one syllable, and each vowel is pronounced more or less separately. *Maua*, "rock",

is a three-syllable word, "ma-oo-ah". "L" and "r" are almost interchangeable, a sound midway between the two being frequently heard.



An old Arab door, Zanzibar

There are no genders, as masculine, feminine, or neuter. There are no articles, "a", "an", and "the".

We shall not trouble with correct plurals, which are formed in eight classes by changing the initial

syllable. Adjectives are made to agree with their nouns by a similar process, which we shall neglect without conscience.

There is no verb "to be". It is simply left out. "I am cold", becomes *mimi baridi*, that is, "I cold". The "am" is understood.

Questions are asked solely by the intonation of the voice. No grammatic change occurs. "Were you here yesterday?" becomes *Wewe hapa yana*, delivered with a heightened pitch toward the end and a raised eyebrow. If an interrogative word is used, as "where" or "why", it is placed immediately after the name under inquiry, as *Bwana wapi*, meaning "Where is Master?"

The verbs consist of a root which does not change, and to the front of which are added one prefix for the tense or time, and another for the person. Thus *penda*, the stem of the verb, "to love", plus *na* for present time, plus *ni* for first person singular, totals to *ninapenda*, meaning "I love". This being the language of people untrained to fine distinction, *ninapenda* serves equally well for "I love", "I like", "I admire", and "I approve".

The infinitive is *ku*, as *kupenda*, meaning "to love". It also expresses purpose, "in order to love".

The tense syllables are:

-na-, present
-me-, past
-ta-, future

The personal syllables are:

<i>ni-</i> , I	<i>tu-</i> , we
<i>u-</i> , you	<i>m-</i> , you
<i>a-</i> , he, she, it	<i>wa-</i> , they

Thus, "We have liked" is *tumependa*; "they will like", *watapenda*. The imperative is simply the stem: *Lete!* "Bring!"; *Piga!* Shoot!"

A negative form of the verb exists with a series of special prefixes. It is much easier to remember *apana*, meaning "no", which may be placed either at the end or immediately after the verb, and yields an effective and emphatic, though hardly classic, negation. However, *si*, meaning "I do not", is almost always used: *sipenda huyu*, "I don't like that".

Passives are formed by inserting *w* between the last two letters of the verb. *Amepiga*, "he has shot"; *amepigwa*, "he has been shot". Object prefixes are here neglected.

The pronouns are:

<i>mimi</i> , I
<i>wewe</i> , you
<i>yeye</i> , he, she, it
<i>sisi</i> , we
<i>nyinyi</i> , you
<i>wao</i> , they
<i>hi</i> , this (demonstrative)
<i>huyu</i> , that (demonstrative)

The possessive pronouns, without regard to their agreement as adjectives, are:

<i>yangu</i> , my	<i>kwangu</i> , mine, to me
<i>yako</i> , your	<i>kwako</i> , yours, to you
<i>yake</i> , his, her, its	<i>kwake</i> , his, hers, its, to him, her, it
<i>yetu</i> , our	<i>kwetu</i> , ours, to us
<i>yenu</i> , your	<i>kweni</i> , yours, to you
<i>yao</i> , their	<i>kwao</i> , theirs, to them

The interrogatives are:

nani, who
nini, what
kwanini, for what, why
wapi, where
lini, when
ngani, how, what kind of
ngapi, how much, how many

They are placed after rather than before the affected noun.

The most useful conjunctions are:

<i>na</i> , and	<i>kama</i> , if (initial)
<i>lakini</i> , but	<i>sababu</i> , because
<i>ao</i> , or	<i>lini</i> , when (terminal)
<i>paka</i> , until	<i>sababu</i> , why, if said question- ingly

With these fundamental matters firmly in mind, one now requires only the vocabulary. The lists given make no claim to completeness, but they do contain almost anything one need use during a shooting trip in East Africa. Three hundred words of which one is the master will yield, in conjunction with clever juggling, an almost unbelievable number of combinations. It is suggested that the earnest learner proceed cold-bloodedly to memorize these groups, taking a few words at a time. That is the only means I know to attain a knowledge of a new language. For practice in sentence construction, one may choose any noun, modify it with any adjective, and relate it to another appropriate noun with samples exacted from the verb and preposition groups. Thoughts of increasing complexity can be expressed as one's dexterity advances. Thus "Bring

food", *Lete chakula*. "My field glasses are in the large box near the tent", is, *Tarabini yangu ndani sanduku mkubwa karibu ya hema*. It's like building blocks!

Numbers—

moja, one
mbili, two
tatu, three
enne, four
tano, five
sitta, six
saba, seven
nane, eight
tissa, nine
kumi, ten
kumi na moja, eleven
kumi na mbili, twelve
 (etc.)
ashrini, twenty
ashrini na moja, twenty-one
ashrini na mbili, twenty-two
salasini, thirty
arbaini, forty
hamsini, fifty
sittini, sixty

semanini, eighty
tissini, ninety
mia, one hundred
mia mbili, two hundred
mia mbili na moja, two hundred
 one
alfu, one thousand
nuss, one-half
orobo, one-fourth
moja na nuss, one and one-half
mara moja, once
mara mbili, twice
mara tatu, three times
 (etc.)
killi mara, every time
kwanza, first
ya bili, second
ya tatu, third
ya enne, fourth
 (etc.)
hatta maramoja, not once, never

Time—

Time is counted in two twelve-hour periods, starting 7:00 a. m., *Saa moja*; 8:00 a. m., *Saa mbili*; and 6:00 p. m., *Saa kumi na mbili*.

In the twelve hours of night time, *usiku* is added: 7:00 p. m., *Saa moja usiku*; 8:00 p. m., *Saa mbili usiku*; 6:00 a. m., *Saa kumi na mbili usiku*.

As the sun rises and sets at approximately six o'clock in the equatorial regions where Kiswahili is spoken, it is a very logical system, for 7:00 a. m. is the first hour of the day and 6:00 p. m. the twelfth.

Other *time* words are:

saa ngapi, What time is it?
siku, day, twenty-four hours
usiku, night
asabuni, morning
jioni, evening
mesi, month
maka, year
zamanjana, long ago
jana, yesterday

leo, today
kesho, tomorrow
kesho kutwa, day after tomorrow
bado, not yet, in a little while
beli, before, in front
sassa, now, presently
sassa hivi, right now, at once
juma, after
alafu, later

Nouns—

I. Living things:

mtu (plural *vatu*), man
bibi, woman
mtoto, child
ndugu, brother, sister
mganga, doctor
nyama, meat, game
tembo, elephant
kifaru (or *faru*), rhinoceros
kiboko, hippopotamus
simba, lion
chui, leopard, cheetah
paka, cat
paka ya porini, wild cat
bogo, buffalo
ngombe, ox
farassi, horse
jumbo, donkey
punda, mule
punda melia
punda ya porini } zebra

pofu, eland
kongoni, hartebeest
shwala, antelope
ntiga, giraffe
fisi, hyena
mbwa, dog
nyani, monkey
panya, rat, mongoose
sungura, rabbit
ndege, bird
mbuni, ostrich
kuku, chicken
bata, duck
popo, bat
nyoka, snake
mamba, crocodile
samaki, fish
dudu, insect, bug
mbo, mosquito
shittani, devil

II. Anatomic names:

kichua, head
bugo, brain
kinua, mouth
pua, nose
sekio, ear
moyo, heart
damu, blood
mehinne, liver
tumbo, stomach, intestine, belly
mafuta, fat, oil, grease
machio, eyes
ngosi, skin
nyole, hair

kucha, nail, claw, talon
meno, tooth
singo, neck
kifua, breast
mkono, hand
mkono wakulia, right hand
mkono washoto, left hand
nguu, leg, extremity
mkia, tail
fupa, bones
pemba, horn
ngongo, back

III. Common safari terms:

<i>safari</i> , caravan, expedition, trek	<i>shupa</i> , container, canteen
<i>mzungu</i> , white man	<i>majuta</i> , oil, grease, fat
<i>bwana</i> , master, sir	<i>kitambaa</i> , cloth, rat
<i>mpagasi</i> , porter	<i>kamba</i> , rope
<i>kampi</i> , camp	<i>miti</i> , tree
<i>hema</i> , tent	<i>fimbo</i> , stick, cane
<i>bunduki</i> , gun	<i>kilima</i> , mound, mountain
<i>rassassi</i> , cartridges	<i>shoka</i> , ax
<i>tarabini</i> , field glasses	<i>magi</i> , water
<i>sanduku ya piktur</i> , camera	<i>moto</i> , fire
<i>rassassi ya piktur</i> , film	<i>kuni</i> , firewood
<i>miti ya piktur</i> , tripod	<i>kebiriti</i> , matches
<i>mkio</i> , spectacles, mirror	<i>chakula</i> , food
<i>sanduku</i> , box, trunk	<i>maua</i> , rock
<i>mfuko</i> , sack	<i>majani</i> , grass
<i>mzigo</i> , load	<i>dongo</i> , earth, dirt
<i>posho</i> , corn meal rations	<i>shimu</i> , hole
<i>kisu</i> , knife	<i>peppo</i> , wind
<i>panga</i> , large knife	<i>baridi</i> , wind, cold
<i>taa</i> , light	<i>ngongo</i> , crest, back
<i>taa walaya</i> , flash light	<i>kipanda</i> , ridge
<i>punda</i> , mule	<i>korongo</i> , valley
<i>barabara</i> , highway	<i>mto</i> , river
<i>ngia</i> , path	<i>maginagi</i> , lake
<i>inchi</i> , place	<i>tingatinga</i> , swamp
<i>nyama</i> , game, meat	<i>pори</i> , <i>porini</i> , wilderness
<i>alama</i> , track	<i>vua</i> , rain
<i>matego</i> , trap	<i>kelele</i> , noise
<i>mkoke</i> , spear	<i>matata</i> , trouble, danger
<i>donda</i> , wound	<i>habati</i> , luck
<i>dowa</i> , medicine	<i>amri ya mungu</i> , God's will

IV. In camp or hotel:

<i>kampi</i> , camp	<i>shupa</i> , container, canteen
<i>hema</i> , tent	<i>kitambaa</i> , towel, cloth, rag
<i>nyumba</i> , house	<i>sabuni</i> , soap
<i>melango</i> , door, tent flap	<i>mkio</i> , mirror, glasses
<i>boy</i> , servant	<i>mpishi</i> , cook
<i>mpagasi</i> , porter	<i>chakula</i> , food
<i>kiti</i> , chair	<i>nyama</i> , meat
<i>kitanda</i> , bed	<i>boga</i> , vegetable
<i>mesa</i> , table	<i>mkate</i> , bread
<i>moto</i> , fire	<i>viasi</i> , potato
<i>kuni</i> , firewood	<i>mayai</i> , eggs
<i>magi</i> , water	<i>masiva</i> , milk
<i>kufungu</i> , key	<i>sugari</i> , sugar
<i>taa</i> , light, lamp	<i>matunda</i> , fruit
<i>taa walaya</i> , flash light	<i>samaki</i> , fish
<i>sanduku</i> , case, box, trunk	<i>asali</i> , honey
<i>mfuko</i> , sack	<i>lava lava</i> , candy

kahava, coffee
chai, tea
chumvi, salt
kisu, knife
uma, fork
kijiko, spoon
sahani, plate
kikombe, cup
bilauri, glass
nguo, clothes
kofia, hat
koti, coat
suruali, trousers

viatu, shoes
shirti, shirt
soki, socks
kitu, thing
hamna, nothing
kasi, work
fesa, money
mshahara, salary
bakshish, gratuity
shillingi, shillings
centi, cents
Unataka fesa ngapi? How much
 money do you want?

Adjectives—

moto, hot
baridi, cold
mkubwa, big
ndogo, little
msuri, good
mbaya, bad
hi, this
huju, that
mingi, many
kidogo, few
safi, clean
kweni, right, true
mongo, wrong, false
mpya, new
mse, old
kali, severe, sharp, difficult
rahissi, cheap, easy
killi, every
yote, all
ingine, another
nchoka, tired
ngonjua, sick
mchafu, dirty
fupi, short

mrefu, long
mbio, fast
poli, slow
mvifu, lazy
yukundu, red, reddish, brown,
 rose, scarlet, even yellow
majano, like grass, yellow, green
niose, dark, black
niope, light, white
ngia kwa, hungry for
ngia kwa magi, thirsty
nkufa, dead
mzima, well, sound, healthy
nguvu, strong
bumbafu, silly, dumb
mkavu, dry
mtupu, empty
mzito, heavy
walaya, European, foreign
manamumme, male
manamunke, female
bassi, finished, done, “that’s
 all”

Adverbs—

mbali, far
karibu, near
hapa, here
huko, there
juu, above, over, up
chini, under, below, down
ingine, again
natosha, enough
polipoli, slowly, gently

kweni, truly
sawa sawa, like, just so, evenly
sassa, now
sassa hivi, instantly
bado, not yet
tu, only
tayari, ready
mingi, much, many
sana, very

kapissa, extremely
beli, forward, in front
yuma, back, behind
zaidi, more
rahissi, less
villivilli, also, too

mbio, rapidly
kivi, this way, like this
labda, perhaps
iko, here, there, not missing
zamani, formerly, once

Prepositions—

juu ya, over, on
chini ya, under
beli ya, in front of, beyond
yuma ya, behind
karibu ya, near to, almost
mbali ya, far from
rahissi ya, less than

ya, of, for, from
kwa, for
ndani ya, in
na, with, by means of
katikati ya, between
zaidi ya, more than

Verbs—

The stem form is given. It is usable directly as the imperative; the addition of *ni-*, *u-*, *a-*, *tu-*, *m-*, *wa-*, for person, and *-na-*, *-me-*, or *-ta-*, for present, past, or future tense respectively, gives the various inflections. The insertion of *-w-* between the last two letters forms the passive. The prefix *ku-* forms the infinitive, except in the case of a few irregulars.

peleka, carry to, take
lete, bring
taka, want
vua, wash
safisa, clean
tia, put
fanya, do
tanganesa, prepare
kamata, hold, grasp, take
funjika, break
potea, lose
fungua, close, pack, tie
fungua, open, loosen
ondoa, take away
ansa, begin
jua, know
kuja, come (slightly irregular
 imperative, *Njoo!* "Come!")
kwenda, go (slightly irregular
 imperative, *Nenda!* "Go!")

angalea, watch
fata, track, find, follow
mamma, move
kula, eat
kata, cut
kaa, live, stay, sit
goja, wait
kimbia, run
wuta, pull
angusha, drop
sekia, hear, understand
ona, see, look
lisa, ask
sima, say, tell
tasama, see
sadiki, think, believe
weza, be able to
penda, love, like
piga, beat, strike, shoot, hit

<i>kosa</i> , miss, fail	<i>nunua</i> , buy
<i>chinja</i> , kill for food (Moham- medan)	<i>pa</i> , pay, give
<i>pata</i> , obtain, get	<i>weka</i> , put down
	<i>lala</i> , sleep

The verb "to have," is inflected as follows:

<i>nina</i> , I have	<i>tuna</i> , we have
<i>una</i> , you have	<i>mna</i> , you have
<i>ana</i> , he, she, it has	<i>wana</i> , they have

In the present tense:

<i>nina homa</i> , I am in pain.
<i>nina ongopa</i> , I am afraid
<i>nina kaserika</i> , I am angry

Miscellaneous—

<i>ndio</i> , yes	<i>tafazali</i> , please
<i>apana</i> , no	<i>asanti</i> , thank you
<i>Jambo!</i> Hello!	<i>Apana kitu!</i> It's nothing!
<i>Habari gani?</i> How are you?	<i>Hodi?</i> May I enter?
<i>Msuri</i> , Fine	<i>Karibia!</i> Come in!
<i>Kwa heri</i> , Good-bye!	

Kenya and Uganda



THIS chapter is written for the benefit of the African tourist, and is really a complimentary advertisement for the Kenya-Uganda Railways. Many people labor under the belief that the Dark Continent is a very dangerous place, devoid of comforts, and teeming with poisonous insects and other large carnivora. This is not true. There may be countries in which a more delightful vacation can be spent, but I have yet to visit them, and in my time I have travelled quite a bit.

Any one interested cannot do better than send a few cents, for postage, to the superintendent of the Kenya and Uganda Railways and harbors, Nairobi, British East Africa, asking for an information booklet. This little paper-bound volume of one hundred and fifty pages is filled with information regarding practicable and inexpensive East African tours. The trips are of variable duration and the round-trip tickets are sold on a one fare basis, and are good for three months. The round trip from Mombasa to Nairobi is the shortest, and the longest is from Mombasa to Cairo, via Rejaf.

No matter how much or how little time one has to spend, it can be spent profitably and pleasurably here.

In the old days we had to supply our own blankets, and the train halted at all sorts of funny little

out-of-the-way places for breakfast and luncheon and tea, but now all trains carry a comfortable restaurant car, and the food is both palatable and inexpensive. Of course it is not Fred Harvey service, but, after all, one is on the frontier, and must not expect miracles.

We had planned to charter a lorry for the Tanga-Mombasa trip, for gun trunks are heavy; but at almost the last minute, we learned that we could catch the "Guildford Castle." An hour later we had said good-bye to dear Mr. Thomas, of the Coastal Trading Company, to whom we were so greatly indebted, and to my old friend W. A. Watson, who is always popping up in some out-of-the-way corner of the earth, and soon we were aboard the most popular boat of the Union Castle Line.

Here we met a group of congenial spirits: Mr. McQuade, of the Mombasa Customs; Baron Blixen, a Swedish nobleman who, during his fifteen years' stay in East Africa, has, by his daring exploits as well as by his charming personality, made his name a household word throughout the Protectorates; Standish, of Mombasa, an outstanding figure in the African business world, and a couple of officers of the King's African Rifles, who were returning from leave in the mother country, combined to make our one evening on the "Guildford Castle" an interesting and memorable one.

We reached Mombasa the next day at noon, and, whisking through the Customs, where we left our

guns, ammunition, and all the heavy luggage, three hours later were on the fast boat train, bound for Nairobi.

The principal city of East Africa, like her sister at Kilindini, had grown almost beyond recognition. We put up at 'Torr's Hotel, a new caravansary which would be a source of civic pride to any Amer-



Nairobi, a modern and progressive city

ican city of half a million (in England they do not have them at all!), and it was fully an hour before I had regained my bearings.

In my neighboring State of Kansas, we innocently boast of the fact that there is a motor car to every one and one-half persons—in Kenya, every three-fourths of a white man owns one! Practically all are of American manufacture, and I should judge

that there are at least forty automobile agencies in Nairobi alone. Touring models have the call, and inasmuch as our English cousins stick to the left side of the road, all are right hand drive.

We remained in the metropolis for only two days. Our films were turned over to the Kodak Company, where Miss Grace Bate skillfully chaperoned them through the laboratories, and gave us most excellent and admirable service. We dropped in to see our old and valued friends, Mr. Oscar Thomason, at the American Consulate, and Dr. R. W. Burkitt, East Africa's most eminent medical adviser and surgeon. Later, we had the pleasure and honor of meeting the latter's brilliant and effervescent young Irish partner, Dr. J. R. Gregory, and their charming and fascinating head nurse and office manager, Miss Violet Hughes, R.N.

We had hoped to be able to visit Murcheson's Falls, above Lake Albert, in Uganda, but unfortunately had fallen into the hands of an unscrupulous and avaricious adviser, who tangled up the information so thoroughly that we incontinently abandoned all hope to ever seeing the famous, elephant-haunted cataract. Ten days after, we were so fortunate as to meet Mrs. C. A. Williams, whose husband, a Major in the K. A. R., is stationed at Masindi, and learned too late that the trip could easily have been made within the allotted time. Consequently, we planned to run up to Kisumu, take one of the small steamers for a trip around Lake Victoria, visit a

number of the small lake coast villages, and return to Nairobi, and thence to Mombasa, in time to catch our boat for the Federated Malay States. I have never spent a busier fortnight.

The country traversed is beautiful, but it is far from typical of the African veldt. From Nairobi to Nakuru it resembled Iowa farming country. Our route lay through the Kenya Highlands, the great



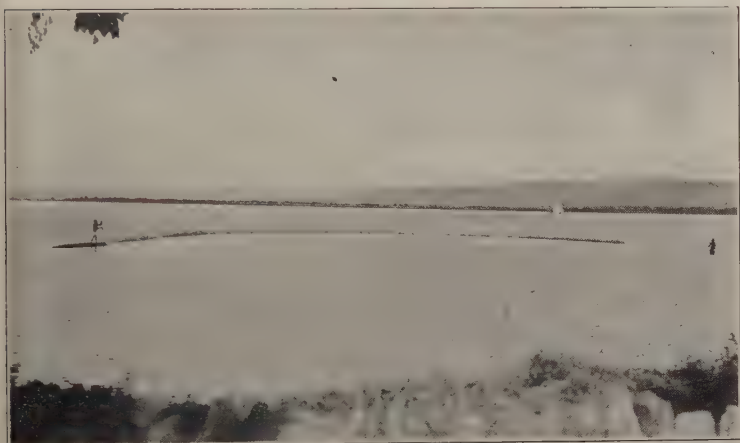
Dick tries for a few hippo pictures (Lake Victoria)

Rift Valley, the Mau Escarpment, and the Uganda Ports on the Great Lake.

Our little boat, the "Winifred," was commanded by Captain John Lochhead, with Mr. G. D. Brown, as first officer, and Mr. Tippin as second. These gentlemen did everything in their power to make the little excursion an enjoyable one. Mr. Brown, who is a surveyor as well as a marine officer, was par-

ticularly kind to us. Apparently, he knew everyone in Uganda, and when we spent a day ashore, a card bearing a recommendation from him proved a universal passport. At Entebbe and Kampala, and at Port Bell and Jinja, we spent many interesting hours ashore.

On the "Guildford Castle" we had met a Mrs. Edward Seal and her daughter, Miss Patricia, of



Operating a native fish net, of grass, on Lake Victoria

Grahamstown, South Africa. Mrs. Seal's husband is a well-known physician and specialist on diseases of the eye in South Africa, and as the Seals were neighbors and close friends of the Kannemeyers, a delightful Scotch family whom we had met on the "Usaramo," we had much in common.

It was not until we boarded the "Winifred" that we discovered that mother and daughter were to be

our fellow-passengers as far as Entebbe. Mrs. Seal's father was an early Johannesburg settler, and a life-long acquaintance of Cecil Rhodes. Dr. Jameson, of "Jameson's Raid" fame, had been their family physician for years, and many and interesting were the stories that our new friend told us about "Dr. Jim," and the indomitable Rhodes. The latter she did not greatly admire, although she did have a high regard for his ability, and his rugged power. He certainly must have been a most extraordinary and capable person.

Jinja is located at the upper end of the Lake, and it is here that the Victoria Nile starts on its long and tempestuous course to the Mediterranean.

Ripon's Falls are almost within the city limits, and two miles lower down, Owen's Falls are to be found, beautiful and strikingly impressive, and picturesque. The fishing is excellent just below the rapids, the Nile perch being almost as large, and fully as sporting, as the much-admired Indian mahseer. At the moment, however, angling did not interest us. What we most desired was a series of hippopotamus photographs, and the upper river fairly teemed with the beasts. Mr. Brown kindly loaned us his "striker," a fine looking but somewhat unmoral young Buganda, and as the boy was thoroughly familiar with Jinja, it was not long before he had secured for us a large and unwieldy canoe, manned by two sleepy natives who were armed with long paddles having oval, leaf-shaped blades.

The boat was made of thin slabs of a cedar-like wood, and laced together with strings of grass. While the craft was a bit awkward, it was extremely buoyant and seaworthy, and we felt comparatively safe. Our escorts were not very adventurous watermen, however, and between their fear of being swept over the rapids, and their dread of a supposedly vi-



Owen's Falls, on the Victoria Nile, near Jinja

cious old bull hippo which lived near the farther bank of the river, they spent an unhappy three hours with us. Hoping to catch some of the animals on shore, we started promptly at 6 a. m. The light still was poor, however, and it was 6:30 before we could use even the *f* 1.9 Ciné. The female hippos, swimming about near the eastern shore, paid little attention to us, but an overfed old male, who made a

small island near the west shore his loafing place, was either very vicious or an excellent bluffer, for the minute we pulled up within twenty or thirty yards of him, he would charge the canoe, gnashing



D. Nepken, Esq., brings home a nice, fat lion

his teeth and emitting a series of frightful and blood-curdling roars. We were of course unarmed, and the native paddlers fairly quaked with fear. Personally, I do not believe that the old fellow was nearly so dangerous as he looked. At any rate, Dick

"immortalized" him on a hundred feet of film, and we got back to the "Winifred" in time for breakfast.

On our return to Nairobi, we learned that a family of lions had repeatedly been seen parading about the shamba of a Mr. D. Nepken, who lived in the Ngong Hills, some thirty miles out. We hired a car and an experienced driver, and every afternoon for nearly a week, we pursued those big cats. To us they were never at home, however, and at last we gave up in despair.

One day we called at the Nepkens, to see if some reliable information could be obtained regarding the missing felines. The Nepkens could not help us, but they were very hospitable, and insisted that we remain for tea. Mr. Nepken, who has a great reputation throughout Kenya as a big game hunter, showed us the skin of a lion which had measured almost twelve feet. Apparently it was a monster. He had shot it with an 8. mm. rifle, and the beast had charged him. He did not have time to reload, but had thrust the muzzle of his gun into the brute's mouth, and the maddened animal had chewed off a foot of the fore end before knocking down and severely mauling the owner! When reinforcements arrived, Mr. Nepken was found, unconscious, lying beneath the dead body of the huge beast.

On Sunday we had dinner with Dr. Burkitt and the inimitable Dr. Gregory. We told them of our ill luck. "When must you go back to Mombasa?" asked Dr. Gregory. We told him on the following

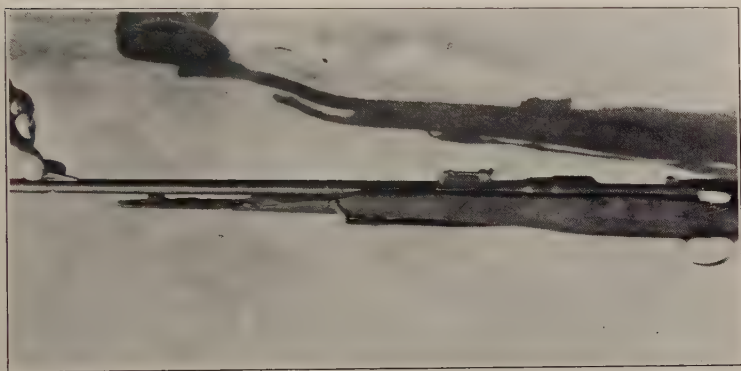
Wednesday. "Leave the matter in my hands," promised our friend, "and be ready for a long drive on Tuesday afternoon." At the appointed time, the handsome young Irish sportsman, together with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Kane, and Captain Dobson, pulled up in front of our hotel. Kane and Dobson were armed with shotguns, and Gregory with a .303 service rifle (he is a marvelously good shot), all to protect the ambitious photographers!

We drove far out into the country, to a famous water hole which fairly reeked with the smell of lions, but again Fate proved unkind (?), and the beasts failed to show up. Coming home, about nine o'clock, both cars got off the trail, and for a time it looked as if we were booked to spend the night out under the stars; but we finally located a landmark, and the hotel was reached long before midnight.

One of our most interesting experiences was a visit to the prison at Nairobi. We had heard much of the reformatory, but had never thought of making a personal inspection. One morning while at the post office, arranging to forward a number of registered packages, we became acquainted with Mrs. Driscoll, the Assistant to the postmaster. We told her of our travels, and of our search for unusual material. "Have you visited the prison?" she at once inquired. We blushinglly acknowledged that as yet we had not. "But that is one of the most interesting places in Kenya," she said. "Wait a minute."

And she promptly telephoned the superintendent, Mr. Pouldes, and a quarter of an hour later we were at the gate.

Mr. Pouldes is an extraordinary man. His early training was at that most famous of all schools for officers of the peace, Scotland Yard. Later he spent many years in a number of British prisons, and in various positions, from deputy warden to superintendent. A few years ago he was sent to Kenya,



Showing the effect of the lion's teeth on the fore end of Mr. Nepken's Mannlicher

to head the reformatory there. He is fortunate in having as an understudy, Captain Marshall, an extremely intelligent and efficient student of criminology.

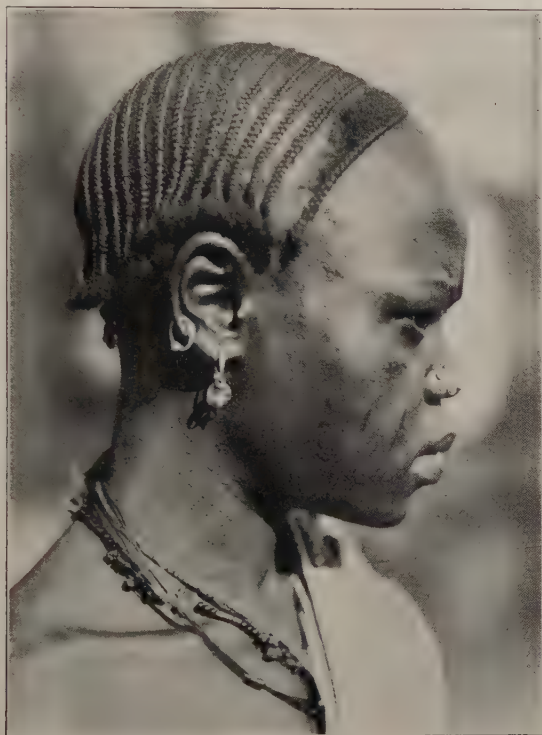
To Dick and me, the work which these men are accomplishing is impressive in the extreme. From an educational standpoint, the East African Negro is not a very promising subject. But I have never met a man who understands native psychology as

Pouldes does. He gives the problem not only the advantage of a keen mind and lifelong training, but deeply rooted interest, as well. The most casual observer could see that his heart was in his work. These prisoners were better fed, better clothed, better cared for, and more interested in worth-while labor than ever before in their lives.

We visited the tailor shop, the carpenter shop, the rope walk, and the kitchens, and everywhere we went the men were busily at work, mastering something which would be of value to them and to the community when their sentences had expired. New stone buildings were going up—built by prison labor, and by men who prior to their incarceration probably had never touched a trowel, or mixed a handful of mortar. When a man is sufficiently capable, he is promoted to be a “corporal” tailor, or a “sergeant” carpenter, and no home guardsman could be prouder of his Tom Browne belt than these native boys are of their red chevrons. Out on the prison parade ground, a number of recently enlisted native askaris were being trained. They consisted of a mixture of tribes, Nandi and Kavirondo for the greater part, for the Kikuyu and Masai are always stirring up strife, and the best soldiers to keep them under control are those drawn from the ranks of their hereditary enemies.

The sleeping quarters were clean and comfortable, and the hospital, with a qualified British practitioner in charge, was a model of efficiency. I have never

been more favorably impressed with an institution of any kind. Kenya is to be congratulated on the good that is bound to follow the efforts of Superintendent Pouldes.



A charming Nubian matron, showing artistic coiffure. Note gold rosette in nose

Some of our friends, with whom we discussed the matter, were a trifle sarcastic. They consider the superintendent entirely too "tender-hearted." "A public whipping post is what is needed here," said

one. "Why, a prisoner will run five miles in order to keep from being locked outside the gates when the whistle blows at six o'clock," insisted a second. But to unsophisticated individuals like Dick and me, the reformatory seemed a most admirable sort of place.

Malaya

"Yonder the long horizon lies, and there, by night and day,
The old ships sail for home again, the young ships sail
away.

And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you why,
You can put the blame on the stars and the sun,
And the white road and the sky."



INGAPORE is the nautical Charing Cross of the world. Old ships, young ships, big ships, little ships, battle cruisers and yachts, queenly ocean liners, and patched, weather-beaten old junks, all sooner or later poke their noses into the beautiful little English harbor which lies just off the toe of Malacca.

British to the bone, and of course excellently governed, all peaceful craft finds a cordial welcome. In tonnage, Singapore ranks near the top of the list, and here one sees the Far East at its best. As a result of this popularity, prices never decline, and no matter how low silver may drop, the Singapore dollar always occupies an enviable position in the exchange rate column. Despite the fact that it is a "free" port, the visitor quickly discovers that the city and the atmosphere are about the only free things to be found in this particular corner of the world.

When our little crowd, consisting of Major and Mrs. Bates, General S. H. Charrington, Dick and me, from the "Mexico Maru," swarmed into the lobby of the famous old Raffles Hotel that morning, we

felt we had at last found civilization in the tropics. But when I casually asked the dapper and urbane, but astute, Anglo-Chinese clerk the price of shelter and sustenance, and he said, with careless nonchalance, "Eighteen dollars each, per day," I thought I was back at Long Key Fishing Camp, on the South Florida coast, and continued to listen, dreamily and expectantly, for the completion of the sentence, "and

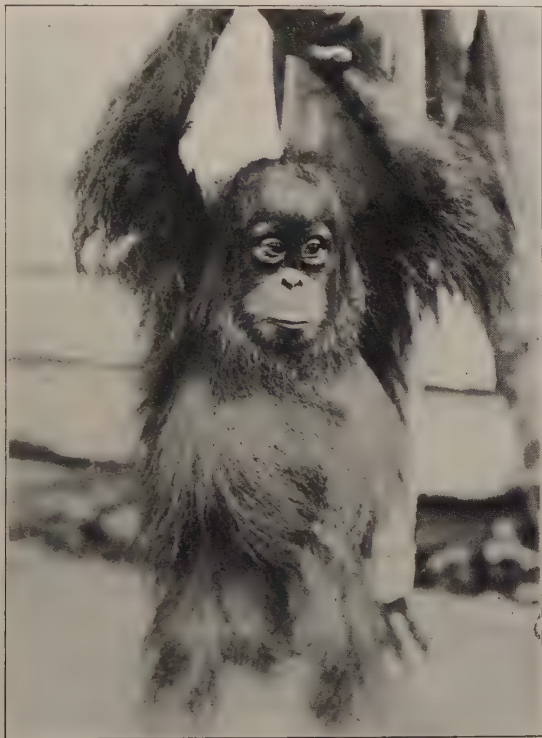


The Harbor, Singapore

there will be an additional charge of two and a half dollars per day for bait (whether you catch any fish or not)." It made me almost homesick. But fish were not mentioned. Apparently the man had a soul, and I suspect that he feared we might take the suggestion in the light of a personal reflection.

They "did us well" however, to use an English phrase. The food was excellent, the service good,

and Dick and I were allotted a huge bedroom, at least eighteen by thirty, with a sixteen-foot ceiling, a cute little sun porch, or rather shade porch, and an enormous bath fitted with all sorts of old-fash-



One of our first acquaintances at Medan

ioned marble and nickel thingumajigs. So we were glad that we had come. But we did not bide long.

We had planned to visit Borneo during our enforced stay, between boats, but upon investigation

we found that this would be impracticable. The sailing dates did not synchronize.

The Koninklijke Paketvaart Maatschappij, which is short for Dutch Steamship Company, conducts a wonderful service in Malaya, linking up Java, Boli, Flores, New Guinea, Borneo, Sumatra, Banka,



A cold drink vendor, Belawin Deli

Boerce, Ceram, and the rest of the Celebes, Aroe, Wetar, Soemba, and a hundred other islands that I had never before heard of. The boats are not large, but they are new, and for the most part equipped with Deisel engines, and are always kept spick and span. In my opinion, they rank next to those of the Robert Dollar Line, and that is the ultimate compliment. The food and service are all that could be

desired. One might spend many weeks visiting these various Dutch possessions, which lie in the Indian Ocean, and in the China, Java, Celebes, and Banda Seas, and extend all the way from Penang to New Guinea.



Intensive gardening in Sumatra, near Brastagi

After our experience in Africa, only something wild would satisfy us, and so, following a lengthy conference with Capt. Mory, our recent skipper, Mr. M. C. Elliot, of the American Express Company, to whom we were indebted for many courtesies, and the general agent of the Dutch Company, we decided on Batak Land, in northwestern Sumatra.

After all, the excursion proved a rather tame one, but the Hollanders were very kindly and hospitable, and the time passed pleasantly.

The port for Medan, the metropolis of northern Sumatra, is Belawan Deli, which we reached after a thirty-six-hour run. Thence a fourteen-mile auto-



The first leper hut erected at Kabandjahe (about 1910)

mobile ride brought us to Medan. Clean and neat as a new pin, with red-roofed houses of white stucco, and closely clipped green lawns, Medan is a typical Dutch colonial town. We were treated as guests rather than tourists, and every courtesy was extended us. There are only a few miles of railroad in Sumatra, and these are not connected; but the motor roads are excellent, and with the aid of buses

and a private car, we covered the northern end of the island quite thoroughly.

Sumatra is nearly as rich as Java, agriculturally, but contains only a fraction of the population. In fact, the western coast is comparatively virgin. We finally discovered a charming little hostelry, "The Frisia," at Kabandjahe, not far from Brastagi, and



One of the modern Batak units of the leprosy hospital at Kabandjahe

about one hundred miles south of Medan. Lake Toba was only three hours away; a number of interesting Batak villages, or "kompongs" were located near by, and a most admirable leper settlement, under the charge of Dr. H. G. van Eelen, was only twenty miles distant. The Bataks are not a particularly cleanly or hygienic people, and leprosy is as common here as in other parts of Sumatra

and Indo-China. There were four hundred inmates at the Kabandjahe hospital, and near Belawan Deli is another leprosarium, equally well filled. It was



The dovecote in a Batak village

interesting to note the progress that had been made in caring for the comfort of these poor unfortunates.

In 1901, when the institution was first started, there was one mud-walled hut, which is still standing. Now there are eight charming little villages, each in charge of a "captain." There are many ar-

tistic and picturesque dovecotes and chicken houses, in which the patients take great pride. Despite the fact that there are no guards and no restraining walls, the inmates never attempt to run away. As Dr. van Eelen said, "Why should they? They are more comfortable, and better fed here than in their own homes." Every one appeared to be happy and



War canoes on Lake Toba

contented. All three types of the disease were represented, and we spent a very interesting day there.

The Batak houses are more easily pictured than described. In many respects they resemble those of the Malays, the Cambodians, and the Mois, but are far more elaborately decorated than those of any of their neighbors on the mainland. The people weave "batak" cloth, farm, fish, and raise pigs and poultry.

They are exceedingly superstitious, and up until only a few years ago, less than two decades, many practiced cannibalism. The Dutch do not allow them to own firearms, but air guns are common. The na-



A typical Batak ear ornament, of hammered silver

tives around Lake Toba are excellent watermen. The women wear huge ear ornaments, hammered out of Mexican silver dollars, and the wealthier ones are very partial to bangles and chains made of thin, perforated gold plates.

Our host at "The Frisia" took a fatherly sort of interest in us, and arranged all of our motor car excursions and side trips. He was scrupulously hon-



Batak necklace and ornaments, of perforated gold

est, and at the end of our stay we were pleasantly surprised to find that the expense of our entire trip, steamship tickets included, was less than if we had remained in Singapore!

French Indo-China

IT IS only a step from Singapore to Saigon, and we were fortunate in the boat which fell to our lot, the "D'Artagnan" being one of the best in the Messageries service.

We had not seen an old friend since leaving Nairobi, and when Mr. Acton Poulet, who has long been the head of the Standard Oil Company in Cochin China, came up the gangplank, in his snowy helmet and immaculate linen "whites," to greet us, he looked more like an angel than an oil man. And twenty-four hours later, when, in company with Mr. J. P. Thornton, who is succeeding to the leadership, following Mr. Poulet's retirement from active business life, we sat down at a bountiful American Thanksgiving dinner in the Poulet home, with his charming and attractive sister, Mrs. Nellie Dickinson, as hostess, we felt as if we had really reached heaven at a single bound. There may be more generous and kindly and hospitable hosts in the world than Acton Poulet, but if so, I have yet to meet them. And this apparently flattering conclusion is not mine alone, for only a few days before we arrived, he had been affectionately presented with a huge sterling silver loving bowl, as big as a bushel basket, by his admiring colleagues on the Asiatic station. Mr. Poulet was born in the Middle West, and is a University of Kansas man.

M. Defosse, our guide, also was on hand to greet us, and I had the pleasure of introducing my son to a real white hunter at last. Not without reason do his friends and admirers refer to him as "Monsieur Francois Josef Defosse, Exterminator General des



Mons. Francois Josef Defosse, and his famous son, Louis

tigres de l' Indo-Chine." Undoubtedly he has killed, or helped others to kill, more tigers than any other single individual in the world. Which in itself is rather a big order. Guide to Considine, to the Burdens on their famous "dragon hunting" expedition, to Colonel Roosevelt, to Leonard Waddell and me in

1925-26, and to scores of other sportsmen, this brilliant Frenchman, who speaks and writes English sufficiently well to be a regular contributor to the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is also a well-versed student of Annamite and Moi. And, best of all, he is the father of Louis Hughes Augustus Defosse, whom my readers first met in "Tiger Trails in Southern Asia," and who rates a special chapter, all to himself, in this little volume.



A general view of Angkor Wat, showing towers and moat. (Photo by Mons. F. J. Defosse)

December is a cool and pleasant month in Indo-China, but the elephant grass is still too green to burn, and the jungle is at its thickest and worst. January and February are much better months for hunting. Our plans included a week at Angkor, so we decided to visit the ruins first. Defosse accompanied us, and Louis went back to Annam to prepare the camps and purchase buffalo baits.

A discussion of the ruins of French Indo-China, and particularly of those found in Cambodia, would completely fill a book much larger than this one of mine. The subject has been well and intelligently covered by Henri Marchal, in his *Guide Archeologie aux Temples D'Angkor*, with many references to the literature, and any one who is planning a trip to the Far East should procure this handbook. It is published by Les Editions G. Van Oest, Paris.

Angkor is in western Cambodia, near the Siam border, and lies about two hundred miles northwest of Saigon. From January to July it is best reached by motor, but from July to January, following the rains, the trip by boat, up the Mekong, is much more interesting and far more comfortable, provided you carry your own provisions. The boats of the Cie. Saigonnaise de Navigation et Transports run twice a week. We were unfortunate in the one that Fate allotted us, the S. S. "Battombong." There was not enough real food aboard to nourish a half-grown rabbit, let alone six husky first class passengers with A-I appetites. And the tragical part of it was that for two nights and a day we were at "sea" where supplies were not to be had for love or money. The Mekong is an enormous stream. Even in November it is broader than the lower Mississippi. The natives call the river, "Mother Mekong," and in July, when she is at her best, her proportions must indeed be ample.

The Mekong certainly is the mother of cultivation and of transport. It reminds one of the Ganges and of the Nile.

Two nights and a day on the wretched little steamer, and Phom Penh, the first stop, was reached. We dashed ashore, Defosse well in the lead. The Grand Hotel faces the wharf, and exactly three minutes after the boat came alongside, the three of us were seated in the dining room of the Grand, ordering everything on the bill of fare. French chefs are particularly good on omelettes, and Dick ate four, hand running. After raiding the hotel larder, we discussed a program for the day. The river boats carry freight as well as passengers; in fact, I think they specialize on freight, and we were booked to spend twenty-two hours in the Cambodian capital.

Mr. Poulet had told us of the tombs of the kings, at Oudong, near Phom Penh, and we started out to procure a car for the trip. The tombs lie some forty kilometers from the city. It was then that we discovered a flaw in our touring machinery. Not a native spoke Annamite! All were Cambodians, and while the two peoples closely resemble each other, we were utterly unable to put across the spoken word.

Dear old Defosse was nonplussed. At home, in the jungle, he was king, but here, in this little Cambodian burg, he could not even tell a rickshaw man what he thought of him!

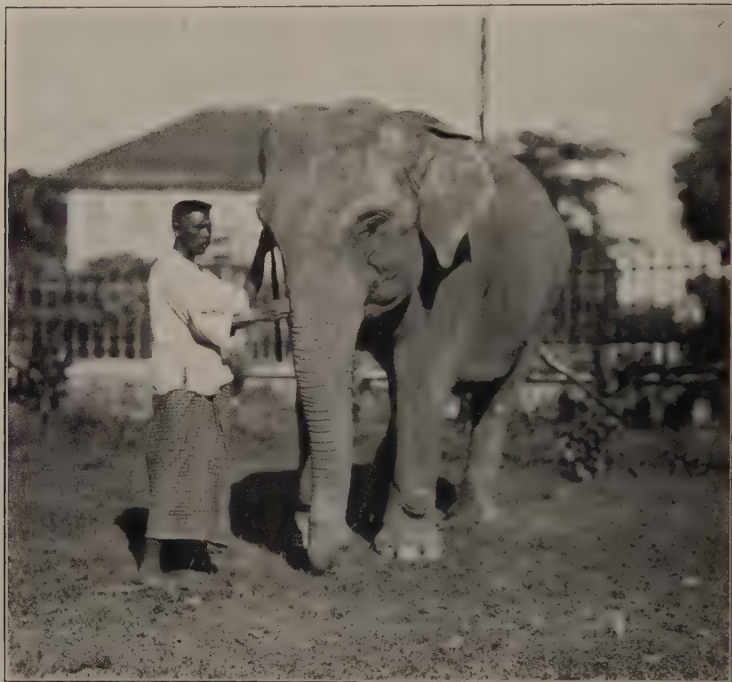
Finally, we discovered a rather lame interpreter, and through him, a wild-eyed driver who insisted upon using both sides of the road at once, and who tooted his horn continuously, took us on our trip. About eleven o'clock we reached the tombs, which



A king's tomb, Oudong, Cambodia

we found extremely interesting. Defosse still labored under an inferiority complex; he simply could not get over his surprise at finding a bunch of people who looked like Annamites, dressed like Annamites, lived like Annamites, and could understand

only such a heathen tongue as Cambodian. Dick was happy, so long as he had a Graflex in his hand, and a film pack left, and I, being exceedingly weary,



The sacred elephant of Cambodia

and very full of omelette, curled up under a tree and took a nap.

By the time we got back to Phom Penh, we were again hungry. Fortunately, the innkeeper was a foresighted gentleman, and an excellent diagnostician. He knew we would require much nourishment,

and he made a very canny guess as to what we would like. So we fared sumptuously.

Dick and I had heard a great deal about a wonderful sacred white elephant belonging to the king of Cambodia, and nothing would satisfy my child until he had made some pictures of this holy quadruped. We had no idea where the tusker (in reality, it turned out to be a lady elephant, sans tusks) was to be found, but we had previously solved much more difficult problems than that. Upon questioning mine host, we discovered that the long-nosed pachyderm was stabled in the palace yard, and further inquiry elicited the fact that there was a bell boy attached to the hotel who had once worked for His Majesty, King Monivong, and who might be able to put us next. Bell boys are the same the world over, and the expenditure of two piastres completely won the heart of this one. Unfortunately, he spoke only Cambodian. But he could communicate with our erstwhile interpreter; the latter, in turn, could tell it to Defosse, in crippled Annamite, and our doughty white hunter could pass it along to us, in English. First of all, we must hire a car, a big car. This was to impress the servile underlings at the palace gate. Our new cicerone went in search of such a one, and did not return for nearly an hour. It seems that the vehicle had to be washed and polished first. Then we bargained with the driver. At last, we got him down to five piastres for the round trip. He had originally asked twenty-five! The bell boy insisted

on the seat of honor, alongside the chauffeur. Defosse, Dick, and I crowded into the rear seat, and our interpreter nervously perched himself on the tool box. Away we went, once around the square,



Dick goes sight-seeing at Angkor

then four blocks south, and we had arrived! Some one had blundered, Defosse, I fear, for he is no business man. But, at any rate, we majestically sped into the courtyard. Our A. D. C., resplendent in his gold-laced uniform, and gold-banded cap, addressed the sentry. The latter inspected us doubtfully, and

rattled off a string of, to me, unintelligible Cambodian. But apparently he was not sure of his ground, for he turned, and summoned the head doorkeeper. The latter was big and fat, dignified and pompous. But the minute he saw us, a change came over him, and over our spruce little cicerone as well. I could not understand what the official said, but I am sure it was something like, "What! You back here again, you lazy, impudent little cockeyed devil!" For that evening we learned that our dear little bell hop had not resigned his former job at the palace; he had been unceremoniously kicked out.

We were in a quandary. In a way it was our own fault, for on the "D'Artagnan" we had met the Crown Prince, Son Altesse Royaal Leth Monirath, and his brother S.A.R., So Vat Monivong, two young sophomores on their way home from a school in Paris. They spoke excellent French, and very good English, and both were charming and unspoiled. Had I been able to read the future, a card from one of them would have served every purpose. But at that moment they were being feted in Saigon, and their eminent papa was probably taking his afternoon nap. The Lord only knows what he would have said, or done, if a couple of snooty Americans had disturbed him on so juvenile an errand. Dick saved the day. Where the thought originated, no one will ever know, but he voiced it. "Take us to the treasurer," he demanded, sonorously. The word passed down the line. Apparently the head porter

was impressed. He probably thought we were the representatives of some powerful foreign nation, come to negotiate a loan.

And to the "tresor" we were conducted. Here we met an educated man. He spoke not only Cambo-



A beautiful doorway in one of the old temples

dian and French, but also a little English. It was not "visitors' day" at the palace, but we were welcome. A ten-piastre bill changed hands, and the official—he was not really the treasurer—was willing to give us the whole works. "See the sacred ele-

phant? Certainly you shall," he promised. "How about a few photographs?" timidly inquired my handsome young offspring. "Photograph? Why not? The elephant will never know," answered our heaven-sent friend. He was a man after my own heart. Not only did he drag out the sacred howdah-bearer and make her do her stuff, but he personally conducted us through the entire palace, from the silver pagoda, with its seven-hundred-pound jade Buddha and solid gold goddesses, to the royal kitchen. I never spent a busier afternoon. We took our time, and photographed everything in sight. Crowns, sacred swords, funeral urns, thrones, not one item escaped us.

Late that evening Defosse, sitting in his window and smoking a good-night cigarette, had an adventure. But at fifty, romance is dead, or at least somnolent, and, besides, I promised Francois Josef that I would never tell.

Early the next morning, we laid in a goodly stock of provisions, in case of emergency, and at nine o'clock we again clambered aboard the floating menagerie. All day long we battled the swift current of the yellow Mekong, occasionally stopping at half-hidden little villages, sometimes consisting of only eight or ten stilt-legged huts, to throw off strange looking packages of freight. Every one depends on water transportation, and slender and graceful dug-outs dart back and forth, like monster water bugs, on the surface of the muddy stream.

That night, the fleas (I guess they were fleas) in my cast iron mattress were worse than ever, and about midnight I gave up in despair, and moved out on deck. I was sitting in a steamer chair, dozing, when I heard a hearty American voice exclaim, "Well, who in blazes have we here!" and I awakened with a start, to find myself looking into the smiling



Bas-relief, South gallery, the Bayon

face of Harry Pethick, of Hongkong, one of the brightest stars in the entire Socony galaxy, and one of the best old Indians that ever crossed the Pacific. We had heard that he and Mrs. Pethick were in Siam, but had no idea that we would be so fortunate as to meet them. They had stopped over at Angkor, and our steamer had just anchored at the sampan station, to take them on, and let us off. It was then

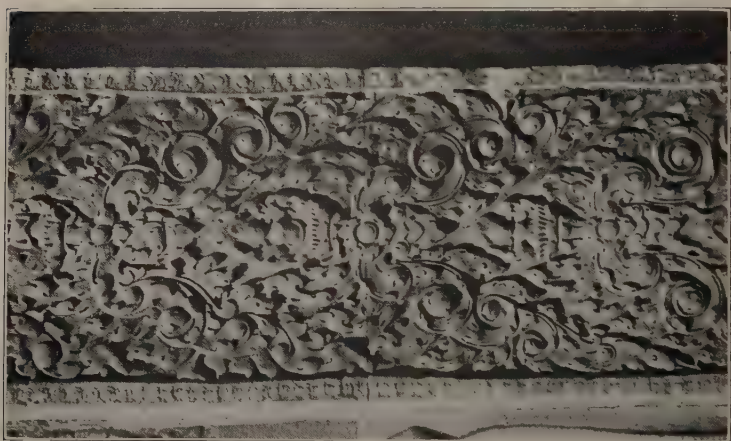
1:30 a. m. and as we were not due to disembark until daylight, and as nobody was sleepy, we ordered hot coffee, and had a delightful three-hour visit. Mr. Pethick once shot with Monsieur Defosse, so it was almost like a family reunion.

Incidentally, my Hongkong friend is one of the best informed of Angkor enthusiasts, and an expert photographer as well; consequently his advice proved invaluable. Despite my remonstrances, he insisted upon giving us his guidebooks, together with a bunch of cards of introduction to the archeological authorities. Harry Pethick is one of those rare chaps who would give you his shirt if he thought you needed it worse than he did.

He not only jotted down and marked on a sketch map the ruins which we would find most interesting, but also went carefully over the schematic outline, and noted the hours at which the temples and monuments might be most advantageously photographed. As a result of his kind and valuable advice, we did not lose an hour of good light after reaching the hotel. The chance meeting certainly was a fortunate and happy one for us.

At five o'clock we left the ship, and an hour later, our sampan landed us at the tiny fishing village of Siemreap, which is the harbor for Angkor. Here we were met by the hotel car, and half an hour later we were enjoying a good breakfast at the government hostelry.

The manager and his wife, M. and Mme. Jules Girard, were charming people. The lady spoke English, and through her we arranged for a native guide, and a car and driver. So carefully and thoroughly had Harry Pethick done his work that we knew in advance just where we wanted to go, and when we wanted to get there. The "guide" proved a very good hand at carrying cameras, and we kept

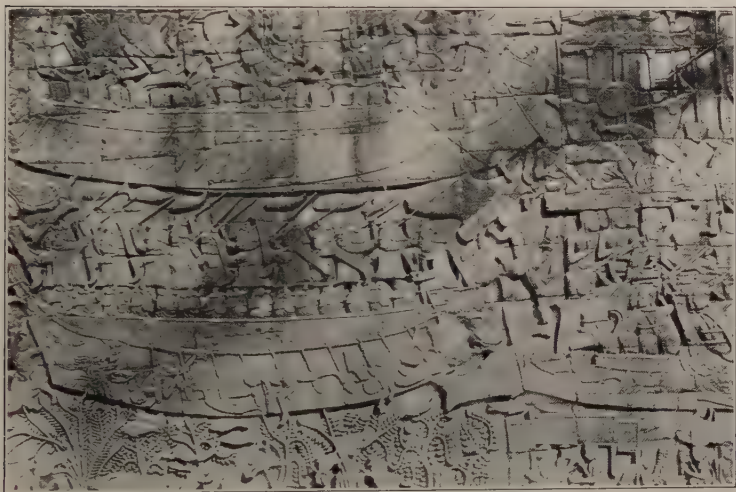


Showing detail of carving on a pillar, Angkor Thom

him throughout our stay. At the last, he told Mme. Girard that those crazy Europeans knew more about the place than most of the natives, for they had shown even him some new wonders, which was quite a compliment to my old friend, Harry.

The ruins roughly cover an area of about one hundred square kilometers. When Francis Garnier first discovered them, in 1873, the huge piles of stone

were practically buried in the jungle. But the French Government early took the task intelligently in hand, and now these temples constitute one of the outstanding wonders of the world. The photographs give a much better idea of their massive beauty than any mere word picture of mine possibly can, but



Bas-relief, South gallery, the Bayon

their size and grandeur can be appreciated only by personal inspection.

Angkor Thom is the largest and most impressive, although many visitors consider Angkor Vat (or Wat) the most beautiful. Some idea of the size of these structures can be realized when one considers the measurements of the original enclosures. For instance, the outer wall of Angkor Thom measures more than three kilometers on each of the four sides!

Some of the statuary is magnificent, particularly at the Gate of Victory, Prah Khan, although, personally, I was most impressed by the bas-reliefs, especially those at the Bayon, and at Angkor Vat.

The temptation of course is to start in on the nearest building first, but if one's time is limited to only a few days, and one wishes to secure the best results with a camera, it is wiser to follow Mr. Pethick's advice, and start with the east side of Angkor Thom, leaving Angkor Vat and Neak Pean for afternoon visits.

Prah Kahn, and the wonderful doorway, and the avenue of giants which lead up to the Gateway of Victory, on the east, are most advantageously illuminated in the morning. The bas-reliefs require careful study, and should of course be done with a tripod. To me they are marvelous. One might profitably spend many days with them alone. For a long time it was thought that the temples were built *circa* A.D. 1200, but the result of recent investigations and discoveries indicate the period between A.D. 800 and A.D. 1000, as the more probable.

The stone resembles granite, and M. Henri Parmentier, Chef du Service Archeologique de l'ecole Francoise d'Extreme Orient, who at the moment was in Angkor on a tour of inspection, told us that the quarries were thirty-five miles away. Inasmuch as some of the blocks contain seven cubic yards, and Dick estimated their weight at twenty tons, one can readily understand why it required the services of

thirty thousand men, over a period of forty years, to construct Angkor Vat alone! In those days of crude man power, it must have been a stupendous undertaking, and I must agree with the conclusion of my child, that old King Surgavarman II, founder



The Queen of the Cambodian dancers

of the main temple, in A.D. 1000, was a "marvelous guy." A beautiful bas-relief in the gallery of the south façade, represents him riding at the head of his army. Even when etched on stone his face appears extremely intelligent, and has a very resolute

and purposeful look. The present native population holds firmly to the belief that the temples were built by the gods.

The famous Cambodian dancers, attired in the artistic costumes of long ago, are representative of sentiment rather than grace, and only an artist can appreciate the allegorical significance of their terpsichorean performance by torchlight, at the occidental entrance of Angkor Vat.

Defosse and Dick enjoyed it immensely; unfortunately I lacked a proper sense of appreciation, and I really got more pleasure out of watching the dear little half-dressed, or wholly undressed, torch-bearers than I did out of the statuesque dancers themselves. A small army of chattering brown kiddies came to the hotel at eight o'clock to escort us to the dance. None of them was more than ten years old, the majority were from four to eight. Several could not have been much over three. Their long fire sticks, of bamboo and pitch, blazed merrily, and smoked execrably, and I was in constant fear that some of the little rascals might be badly burned. But, apparently, even the youngest was an old hand at the game, and there was not even a near accident. I left early and was fifty yards down the avenue before my absence was noted. Then a small mob quickly detached itself from the main body, and ten seconds later, like a swarm of howling dervishes, surrounded me, and carried me back in triumph to my comfortable quarters.

The next day, Mme. Girard persuaded the dancers to return and pose for us, singly and in groups, on the steps of the temple, and we were so fortunate as to secure some very good photographs. But by daylight the performers were even less attractive



This Cambodian dancer represents an evil spirit

than they had appeared on the previous evening. All of them chewed betel nut continuously, and I became very nervous dodging the constant spray of scarlet-tinted saliva which flew in every direction. Late that afternoon, two elephants came to bathe

in the moat which surrounds the great temple, just as some of their ancestors probably had done centuries before. The picture they presented was a very striking and appropriate one, and I shall always cherish the memory of it as my final mental impression of Angkor the Magnificent.

Tigers



OF ALL big game, tiger holds first place. Primarily, these huge felines are a menace to practically all of the weaker members of the animal kingdom—a full-grown tiger will account for the lives of at least three hundred deer each year—and in thickly settled communities they are a menace to human life as well. The Mois call the big cat “Ong Cop,” which means “Mr. Tiger,” or, better, “God Tiger,” and cherish a very wholesome and deep-seated respect for him. They hold that “ong cop” hears everything that is said about him, and that he treasures the adverse criticism until such time as he may retaliate. Fortunately, when the feline yawns, he exhales all memory of past wrongs, and undoubtedly this saves the little brown brothers a lot of grief!

In India, much of the tiger shooting is done from tree platforms, or “machans,” over live baits, but in Indo-China, tiny ground “bomas,” or blinds, built of palm leaves, and concealed by an outer covering of green boughs, are used, with dead sambur, or buffalo, or, occasionally, elephant, for bait. Not far from the bait, and near the trail, a second blind, in the form of a screen, is constructed. When the morning visit is made, the hunter creeps up behind this screen, and occasionally finds the tiger on the bait. I have never been so fortunate, but both Dick and

Leonard Waddell got screen shots. John Matty, a famous big game hunter, of Denver, shot his first tiger over the body of a native pony which had been dragged out of its pen and killed on the previous day, and my first tiger on the present expedition was similarly secured.

The huge felines have a marvelous sense of hearing, and excellent eyesight, but apparently their



"Flat Rock Camp," our first stopping place in Annam

noses are not particularly sensitive, their appreciation of odor being far inferior to that of their cousin, the lion. Sometimes it would be much easier on the sportsman's nerves if the tiger could smell a little better. Once, on the Song Gieng River, my shooting partner, Judge Leonard Waddell, was spending the day concealed in a tiny haycock made of elephant grass. The bait, a huge water buffalo, long since

dead, was firmly attached to the base of a near-by sapling with a bit of wire cable.

About three o'clock the judge was rudely awakened from a blissful nap by some one or something coughing, as he afterward explained it, almost directly into his ear. Instantly he was all attention.



Bullock cart transportation is slow but sure

His early afternoon caller proved to be an apparently very hungry tiger, about eleven feet long, with pugs the size of a soup plate. The animal appeared to be suspicious, but not suspicious enough to take to his heels, and haunted the thick underbrush just back of my friend's resting place all afternoon. He coughed and he grunted, he purred and he sneezed,

but the juicy and succulent buffalo proved too strong a magnet, and he simply could not desert it. On the other hand, a subconscious voice seemed to whisper to him that all was not well, and never once did the big fellow venture out into the open, in front of the blind, where my semihysterical friend might properly greet him.

Five o'clock came, then five-thirty, and at six, M. Defosse and I, becoming alarmed, went in search of our doughty young associate. The tiger fled on our approach, but during his three-hour visit, he had made a well-defined path just back of the boma, where he had paced to and fro. Possibly, had the judge stirred, the cat might have charged him, but more probably it would have charged in the opposite direction. Two days later, the big feline and my legal adviser played a return engagement at the same place but with the stage properties shifted. This time the judge was concealed in a shallow excavation, at a point exactly opposite the old boma, and some thirty feet from the remains of the buffalo. We fitted Waddell into the hole at daylight and covered him with thorn brush. Shortly after nine o'clock his striped visitor returned. A brief reconnoiter, a deep, savage growl, and the huge beast flung himself on the pile of bones, directly facing the tiny blind. A second later, he was spinning around on the ground, spitting and clawing, with a 400 grain soft-nosed bullet from the little Jeffrey through his head. The judge, as cool as a cucumber,

had hit him squarely in the right eye. The animal weighed almost seven hundred pounds.

The day after Christmas, 1929, I was sitting in a snug little palm-leaf enclosure, near the Trai River, in southern Annam. The lure, a big water buffalo, had been out a week, but had not been visited and "touched" (sampled) until the previous night. One usually goes on watch about 6 a. m., and off at 6



Tiger No. 1 is brought in

p. m. Defosse's prescription for a tiger is—patience, a rifle, and a bait. Of these ingredients, patience is by far the most important. And when I tell my reader that I once spent one hundred and sixty-three hours, thirty-six of them at night, in a boma before I got my first shot, I believe he will agree with me.

From six until ten o'clock one may hopefully expect a visitor (at various times, I have killed three

tigers between the hours of eight and eight-thirty), from ten until two it is generally a bit slow, and from two to six, business again picks up. On the present trip, I got a shot at 4:08 p. m., and later killed a tiger at 5:05 p. m.

Nothing had shown up all morning, and at eleven I began looking forward to my luncheon, which



Trai, the Moi village near which our second tiger camp was pitched

would consist of some bread and cheese, a block of chocolate, and a few swallows of cold coffee from my canteen. A moment later, there came a roar that fairly shook the boma, and almost made my heart jump into my mouth. While a tiger makes plenty of noise after he reaches the bait, often his arrival reminds you of a rough-necked horse wrangler arguing with a recalcitrant broncho; as a rule he approaches a strange lure noiselessly. Only twice

have I heard tigers grunt or cough on their way up to the bait. This old striped monster had squatted down about ten feet from the right-hand wall of the blind. The only opening was the tiny peephole in the front wall, facing the bait. Another roar, which shook the leaves on the tree at my side, and then an answering voice, just behind me!

The second tiger I judged to be about eight feet from my hip pocket. Back and forth, first from one of them then from the other, the messages reverberated, until I was ready to scream. Twist and turn as I would, not a glimpse of either could I get. I was helpless. For three minutes my nerves held up pretty well, then came the worst attack of buckague that I have ever experienced. My knees knocked together, my hands shook as if I had the palsy, my breath came in short pants, and my heart pounded like a trip hammer! Had my hair been long, my hat certainly would have been pushed right out over the top of the boma. And still those two monster cats continued to yowl, and grumble, and grunt, and roar. After twenty minutes of this violent suspense, I got my nerves under control, and my mind busy, trying to evolve a scheme whereby I might outwit my very welcome but somewhat disconcerting guests.

The boma walls were as thin as paper, but they were also as dry as parchment, and the slightest effort on my part to cut a new porthole would result in a noise which might send my newly found ac-

quaintances bounding off into the jungle. Their suspicions once aroused, they would never come back.

Finally, the gentleman on my right took the initiative. He glided over to No. 2, and, judging from the ensuing growl, gave him, or more probably her, a heavy biff on the jaw. Then he circled the boma, passing quickly across my limited line of vision, stepped up to the bait, grabbed the buffalo by the



A well-proportioned tigress

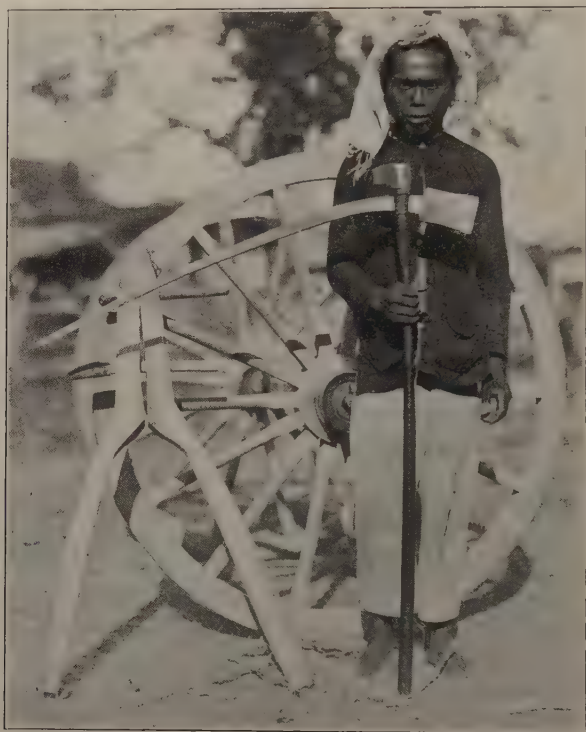
uppermost rump (in ninety instances out of one hundred a tiger attacks a dead bait at this point), and promptly dragged the free end of the two-thousand-pound animal over as far to my right as he could. The whole procedure required less than two minutes. The head of the buffalo was firmly anchored to a tree by means of a wire cable, otherwise I feel sure that he would have made off with the entire carcass.

Had I been able to shoot left-handed, the oppor-

tunity would have been an ideal one, but, unfortunately, I cannot, and as I weigh more than two hundred pounds, I was at a very decided disadvantage. Finally, by crowding as far over to the left as I possibly could, and placing the rifle butt near the middle of my right collar bone, I felt that I might have a chance to pot him. I slipped the barrels of my beloved old .465 Holland through the minute window, slowly squeezed over as far as I could, and as the enormous head was thrust forward to get a fresh bite of steak, I covered his Adam's apple with my front sight, and pressed the trigger. With the roar of the cordite, I saw him bounce back some three yards, and I felt sure that I had him. The four-hundred-and-eighty-grain soft-nosed bullet should prove instantly fatal at that distance, about twenty-two feet. He had fallen out of sight, so I could not get in my second barrel, but I hopped up on the boma seat, and looked over the top of the blind. My supposed quarry had vanished! Of course No. 2 had departed long before, but it was the big male that I wanted to locate. Three minutes passed, and then I heard guttural moans and gurgling roars emanating from a thick patch of jungle, fifty yards behind me. There was an intervening open space, which marked the course of an old logging road, but no welcome mass of yellow and black feline was to be seen.

I "roared" several times, hoping to provoke a charge, or at least bring him out into the open.

Each time he answered, but he was either too wise or too sick to make the attempt. Finally, in desperation I gave the "wounded" signal, three closely repeated shots, and an hour later Louis and the boys



One of our coolies with a Moi axe, repairing a cart

arrived, with shotguns. Near the spot where the tiger had first fallen, we found a piece of the right malar process of the lower jaw, and two tooth sockets, together with a small pool of blood. Twenty yards farther on, we found a second pool, where the

poor fellow had lain down for a moment, and in a third pool, we discovered the detached nickel jacket of the bullet.



Bringing in a barking deer

Trailing wounded tigers is a stimulating but not particularly healthful job, and when the animal is large and athletic, even though he be minus part of his lower jaw, he may prove cranky and irritable. A tiger in this state of mind is always suggestive of a

dynamite cap in the hands of a small and ambitious boy. At best it is a chancy proposition, and one that may be calculated to give somebody, sooner or later, quite a thrill. After two hours of pains-taking labor, we finally lost the trail in a great patch of elephant grass.

I was sorry to lose him, but I was much more grieved to let him get away badly wounded, to suffer a week or more, and then die a miserable, lingering death in the jungle.

Statistics on tiger shooting are interesting, particularly when they are compiled by so experienced and reliable an authority as M. Defosse. The accompanying data were annotated by Dick, under the direction of the famous white hunter. Of the eighty cases in which records are available, the details are as follows:

16 seen from screen	} daytime
56 from boma	
7 in the open	

1 from a tree—at night

Of the 73 seen at bait	—54 killed
	9 missed
	6 no shot attempted
	4 wounded and lost

Of the 16 seen from screen—	8 killed
	6 missed
	2 no shot attempted

Of the 56 seen from boma —45 killed
 3 missed
 4 no shot attempted
 4 wounded and lost

Of the 7 seen in the open — 5 killed
 2 missed

From tree. — 1 killed

Time when seen—from screen—11 in a. m.
 5 in p. m.

From boma —17 between 6 and 9 a. m.
 15 between 9 and 12 a. m.
 11 between 12 and 3 p. m.
 13 between 3 and 6 p. m.

According to these figures the morning hours are slightly more favorable than those of the afternoon, and the midday only slightly less than either. It also shows the hope of meeting one in the open to be practically nil, and the indispensable necessity of a suitable bait. In Indo-China the beasts seldom become as bold and impudent as in India, but on two different occasions they came into our camp at night, once to steal a dead sambur from in front of the cook tent, and once while attempting to catch a Moi dog. Lions are afraid of dogs, but both tigers and leopards consider a canine a very toothsome delicacy, and will take all sorts of risks in order to capture one.

Lions are naturally much more friendly than tigers. In Kenya and in Tanganyika it is not at all uncommon to see three or four, or even more, lions

in one group, all apparently on the best of terms. It is not unusual for a lion to share his food with some of the lesser carnivora, as the jackal and the fox, and even the hyena. While the animals do not feed at the same time, the smaller ones patiently await their turn, standing near by, and unmolested. The leopard is extremely selfish, and wants his bait



Leopards are beautiful, alive or dead. But dead ones are to be preferred

fresh, and all to himself. But the tiger is the worst of all. Even a pair, male and female, seldom feed together. The bigger one invariably is a selfish bully. And if a bait is "touched" at night by two tigers, a big one and a little one, the smaller animal will be forced to feed during the more unfavorable hours of the day, and the chances are about ten to one that he will be killed first.

A tiger has no constant place of abode, but shifts his beat as the game upon which he feeds moves from place to place. Unlike the leopard, the big striped cat is very fond of water, and during the hotter part of the day, I have known him to spend hours in a shallow pool.



Mons. Defosse taking life easy in a tiger camp

Many people object to boma work, because of the monotony, but I have always been an angler, and angling and patience are almost synonymous. My early training as a physician also undoubtedly proved an educational aid. People do not flock to young doctors in droves, and all one can do is to sit and wait until they do come. I think it was Mr. Coolidge who said, "The silences of the wilderness have a discipline all their own." If this be true, tiger bomas

certainly should be classed among the higher institutions of learning.

The night watches are the worst. To a bridge fiend or a fisherman, fourteen hours is not a long stretch, but to a fever-racked old skin specialist, sitting all alone out in the jungle, three miles from nowhere, with mosquitoes as large as humming birds singing in his ears, and nothing to cheer him but the recollection of a few fresh tiger tracks on a near-by trail, fourteen hours is almost an eternity.

Sooner or later, however, the man who sticks will win. Few fish are caught by sitting on the hotel porch and wishing for them. There is a quaint old Moi couplet which covers the situation quite well. I am indebted to Louie for the translation:

“Sweet patience hath its own reward, else why a
heaven after?
And it's the lad who skins the cat who most enjoys
the laughter.”

I can only repeat, of all big game, in my opinion, tiger holds first place.

Catnip for Cats



ONE fine January morning, early in 1929, a distinguished looking young gentleman from Sumatra made a social call on me at my office in Kansas City. His name was Mitchell, and he was a representative of the Standard Oil Company, Dutch, in that part of the East Indies. Mitchell is a good oil man, but he is even more fortunate; he married one of the finest and most capable little nurses that ever graduated from the Christian Church Hospital Training School. That, alone, goes far toward assuring him a long and happy career in this world.

And it was Mitchell who first told about catnip for cats. A missionary had told him and assured him that the natives of Sumatra found it an infallible lure for felines of all kinds and all sizes. The idea certainly was one calculated to intrigue the mind of even a more conservative and sophisticated individual than myself, and a man who has been practicing medicine for over thirty years generally is willing to try almost anything once.

The only factor that made me at all doubtful was the source of the information. I have yet to meet a missionary who is also a Nimrod, or one who can distinguish an elephant track from a mud puddle. The minds of sky pilots simply do not run to that sort of thing. Their thoughts are not sufficiently

materialistic. Next to school-teachers, who probably have the greatest veneration of us all for the written word, preachers, as a class, are the most impractical people on the face of the earth.

But an overworked medical man who is making extensive preparations for a nine months' shooting trip around the world has a very low sales resistance to sporting gadgets of any sort, and on my way to



Dick poses with a nice, plump one

luncheon I dropped in on my old friend, Nicholas Hunter, the eminent apothecary, and had him order, through the Fritsche Importing Company, of New York, four ounces of *Oleum Catnipii*. A few days later we sent for a second bottle. It is very expensive, and I came near having to mortgage the family Rolls Royce to pay for it, but when I go after tigers, I want tigers, and I prefer to go prepared.

The practicability of the scheme appealed wonderfully to the imagination of my wife, and that cheered me, for I am married to a woman in whose judgment I have great confidence. It is not vanity alone that convinces me of her ability as a good picker. Experience has shown that she shoots in the seventies, and that is a good average for any one, man or woman.

The only thing that worried her throughout my absence was the possibility that I might spill a few drops of the magic fluid on my breeches, and be gobbled up by some fastidious feline gourmand before I had a chance to send a farewell cable home.

In October, long after our shoot in Tanganyika had ended, she sent me an interesting clipping from that infallible statistical election indicator, and highly esteemed literary compendium of every well-ordered American home, the *Literary Digest*. I will quote it in full:

"Cats do nip catnip. A cat can become quite inebriated in a patch of this weed. A garden which seems to attract feline visitors frequently possesses a magnet in the form of a patch of catnip.

"We are told that tigers and lions are just grown-up tabbies or just large-scale cats. In some respects they are. Are they large-scale cats with respect to catnip? The answer is, Yes. The Department of Agriculture has had catnip tried on bobcats, or American lynxes, and mountain lions. They love it. Experiments with African lions, tigers, and leopards

indicate that these huge cats love it also, although some individual animals are not so susceptible.

"Animals may be trapped or hunted with the aid of lures which attract them. It is hardly convenient to lay out a bunch of catnip in the woods where mountain lions roam, in the hope of decoying them into a trap. So our scientifically minded friends extracted from the plant by suitable distillation an oil



The last cat killed

which possesses the potency of the catnip in concentrated form. It is particularly effective, too, but the amount obtainable from a quantity of catnip plant is so small that the chemists who have so successfully imitated many of the essential oils of commerce turned their attention to catnip oil and produced an artificial mixture which simulated the genuine so closely that the cats have been deceived.

"This oil is so powerful that it may be considerably diluted with inert oils and retain its effectiveness. It has been tried out by hunters, trappers, and state conservation boards, and found to be an effective lure for these animals.

"The principle of animal lures is probably as old as animal life. Scent glands exist in many animals; these glands secrete substances with powerful odors which serve to attract their mates. It is advantageous to an animal to be keenly sensitive to these odors so that the presence in wooded country, or at night, of a mate may be recognized, or the presence of prey detected or of an enemy learned. The keenness of scent of some animals is well known. Some emit very powerful odors.

"It is not strange that in the animal world where these odors play so important and dramatic a part some vegetable odors may have a similar intense attraction. It is not certain that the bee is so much attracted by the odor of the flower as directed by the odor to the flower. That is, of course, a problem in bee psychology which the psychologists will consider in due time, perhaps when they have settled some of the disputed psychological problems of the higher animals.

"At any rate, catnip attracts the members of the cat family. This will be a fatal attraction like that of the light for the moth."

Dick and I chuckled when we read it. The good old *Digest*, ever desirous of aiding a large army

of appreciative readers, had passed the information along for what it was worth, little thinking what effect it might have on the catnip oil market.

In so far as its possible influence on the big cats themselves was concerned, as an experienced, almost



A "big game hunt" in Sumatra which might have been staged in Indo-China

professional, observer, I must acknowledge that the effect was wholly humorous.

We reached lion country early in August, and decided to give the volatile lure an immediate and exhaustive trial. We were very desirous of securing a good bag of lions, and for that reason we had recourse to tree "kitandas," shooting nests located

high in the air, so as to prevent the huge cats from scenting us. When a bait was pegged out, we first removed the viscera, and then sprinkled a teaspoon-full of catnip oil over them. A couple of porters would then drag the bleeding mass by means of a long bark rope, all over the neighborhood, repeatedly bringing it back to the carcass. In this way, a square mile or more of territory was thoroughly gridironed. A lion or leopard, passing within several hundred yards, could not fail to pick up the trail. When the boys had completed their work, the oil-impregnated "drag" was hung up in a near-by tree.

For weeks we kept this up. I had faith in Mitchell's suggestion, and hope dies hard. But during all that time, not a single lion or leopard touched the baits. Every night we could hear lions roaring in the near-by hills, fresh tracks were frequently seen, and both leopards and cheetahs abounded in that territory. But they certainly had an "anti-catnip oil" complex!

Toward the last, when we did get to seeing and killing lions and leopards, not a single one was shot over a "catnip" bait. In fact, if two baits were out, one scented with catnip and the other "au natural," the unscented bait was invariably the one that drew the prize.

Far from attracting lions and leopards, I now believe that the odor of the volatile oil frightened the animals away. The test certainly was a thorough one, and as disappointing as it was exhaustive.

Upon our arrival in Indo-China, we told Defosse what had happened. Strange to say, he was pessimistic from the very first. But we insisted upon a trial, and as Annam simply swarms with tigers (it was not at all unusual to find the tracks of five different animals around the camp in one morning) opportunities were not wanting. But the veteran white hunter insisted, and very properly, I think, that the use of the oil on baits was not a fair test. "In the majority of instances the bait will be visited sooner or later by a tiger, anyhow," he argued, "and if the bait has been scented with catnip oil, you will give the oil the credit. A fairer method would be to put the oil along the trails, or on logs near the trail. Then, if it really attracts the animals, you will find where they have rolled and scratched about in it." We tried this plan first, but apparently the oil had no more influence than so much dishwater. Gunny bags, boiled for an hour or more to sterilize and deodorize them, then sprinkled with catnip oil, and dragged about the district, also proved useless.

We were getting shots almost daily, and after we had secured our tigers, I decided to go a step further. A tiger almost invariably eats the uppermost rump of the bait first, and on his second visit, continues to dine at the same point. On three different occasions I sprinkled small amounts of the oil on and around the area which had been attacked. In not a single instance did the tiger take a second "helping" from near that particular part of the buffalo. Twice

he moved far over, to the abdominal region, and once, clear up to the front end of the animal. Apparently, not only had the oil failed to attract the big cat, he had actually avoided it! The result of these experiments convinced me that while the use of catnip oil may be all right in theory, it does not amount to much in practice.



Captain Mory and his first officer "cross swords" on the "Mexico Maru"

Only once did I find it of value. While travelling on a little Japanese freighter (both line and boat shall be nameless, for the captain was one of the kindest and most generous of men, and we learned to love him), our cabins were simply overrun with rats. The boat carried a cargo of soda, and the ship's cook, strange to say, disliked cats, so the rodents had the freedom of the decks, and they certainly made good use of the privilege. We put wire

cages in our cabins, and sometimes we would catch two or three huge old gray fellows in one night! It certainly was disconcerting. We simply could not keep them out. Finally, they grew so hungry that they got to biting the passengers. Dick, I guess, proved too tough, for he escaped, but one night I was bitten twice on the left hand, and once on my right great toe. Rat-bite fever is no joke, and my blood pressure began to go up. Finally, I thought of the catnip oil! If it would not attract cats, at least it might frighten away rats! That night I smeared myself well with it, and as a result I smelled like an apothecary shop. Dick's comments were a bit caustic, for he had to share the tiny cabin with me, but when the well-being of the head of a large family is at stake, verbal criticism is as naught, and I simply poured on a little more of the precious juice.

It worked! Not a rat entered our cabin from that hour until we landed, eight days later. So, after all, my venture in catnip oil proved a profitable one. But I do feel that the title of this chapter should be changed to "Catnip for Rats."

From Elephants to Mosquitoes

EXT to heaving coal on an old-fashioned steamer on the Red Sea, elephant hunting is the most laborious occupation in the world. Personally, I have resigned all pretensions as an expert in this particular field, and while Defosse and my ambitious young son raced through the jungle and waded the silvery little streams of Annam and Cochin China, hotly pursuing the giant beasts, Louie and I remained in camp, and enjoyed our little rural vacation.

The Asiatic elephant which makes its home in Indo-China is not so large as its African cousin, and specimens of more than five tons are rather unusual. But even a ten-thousand-pound quadruped can cause trouble at times, particularly when reinforced by six or eight Gargantuan brethren. Sooner or later he is going to catch you, and once a huge tusker has "tromped you over" a few times, as they say in Arkansas, your beautiful and artistic outline is forever lost. I shall never forget the fate of my old friend, Captain G. P. R. Hurst, of Arusha, one of the most skilled and experienced of ivory collectors. He failed to stop the big boy with his first shot, and seven succeeding ones only tended further to infuriate the brute. At the last, the gun-bearers and porters could not find enough of Hurst's body to serve for burial purposes.

Female elephants accompanied by calves are the most dangerous. The old girls are always suspicious and irritable, and invariably looking for trouble. They will "back trail" a hunter, or lie in wait for him, despite the fact that he has no intention whatever of harming them or their cute little two-thousand-pound babies in any way. You will be plodding along, beneath a red-hot sun, on a fresh elephant



Dick and Defosse start for a new elephant camp

trail. Your mind is in your eyes, and your eyes are focussed on the ground. Suddenly, and without warning, there is a loud, nerve-racking scream from the bordering thicket, and a herd of angry cow elephants is right on top of you! I have never experienced a greater feeling of utter helplessness.

Defosse told us that a maddened female once charged him. There was no tree behind which he

might seek shelter, and she was too close to be stopped by a bullet. He crowded back into the tall grass, and she passed him, then stopped, and began "feeling" for his wind, trunk high in the air, and bellowing at every breath. She backed a few yards, and her left hind foot came down on one of Defosse's pedal extremities! Had she shifted her weight to the offending member, he would have been crippled for life, but fortunately, when she started forward, she raised the left foot first, and he lived to tell the tale. During his twenty-four years as a professional white hunter, he has had many close calls, but he still feels that that one was the closest of all.

As a rule, one has but little difficulty in finding elephant in Indo-China. On a six weeks' safari, the guide usually allots only seven days to the tuskers. In 1926, Waddell and I ran into them the very first afternoon, and he was so fortunate as to kill the leader, a good bull, less than two miles from the Defosse home! But the following extract from a letter, which Dick sent over to my camp on Christmas Day, is descriptive of a typical experience:

"It seems a long time since we split camps; it is a long distance, indeed, fully 100 miles by foot without a doubt.

"On arriving at the Suoi Kiet Railway Camp, we found it completely torn down by elephants, whose tracks decorated even the floor of the former kitchen. The wooden frames of the three or four structures still tied together with rattan leaned

drunkenly or lay in heaps like discarded rag dolls. In the course of the repair which consumed the afternoon, I got four dandy scorpions, which I put in formol in one of your quinine bottles, transporting



"Minh," an exceptionally fine Moi coolie

them from native element to artificial by means of chop sticks. M. Defosse told the boys they were considered a great delicacy in the States.

"During the two or three days we remained in that camp, we found nothing fresher than what had

been recent on M. Defosse's scouting trip. Fresher tracks lay north at the railroad camp due south of Flat Rock. We moved. In several days with that as center, we found tracks less than forty-eight hours old, and once hit upon the trail of two old cows and several calves which led us into impossible country. We must have been several hours behind them,



A well-ventilated Moi home, far out in the jungle

and decided that that zone offered little immediate promise. Tiger tracks have been plentiful however, even along the trail where I saw the bones of Leonard Waddell's kill. Defosse shot a little deer for meat, truly appreciated after a long siege of corned beef. I overshot one's head as it lay in close cover less than ten yards away—so we resighted the Mauser. It now shoots so that you see the full bead

through the notch, and place the bead on, rather than under, the point where you expect the bullet to land.

"So we found really only cold tracks at the railroad camp. Defosse suggested the region where Roosevelt shot his elephant, a more open country thirty-five miles east on the Railroad, at Suoi Van. We arranged the camp yesterday so that if we found elephants the boys could move to us. We slept at Suoi Kiet last night, and took the freight at 5:30 this morning, to Suoi Van, riding fourth class, seated on fish baskets, with Minh, arriving at Suoi Van at about seven o'clock. The station master, a pleasant young Annamite, said he had heard them every night! To the north following his direction, we went at once. About 6 km. along the trail M. Defosse picked up a recent trail which we followed east for two hours, finding it progressively fresher. At a water hole we had a difficult "knot" that lost some time, but took off northwest, into a hilly place eventually, where the going was much thicker. At another small water hole we stampeded a herd of banting, not getting a shot; the elephants in walking through this water gave positive evidence of being fully six hours ahead. It was already eleven, and we had found enough to justify moving camp. The only return train left at one, so we decided to go on for an hour more. The tracks led into hilly jungle where they were very difficult to follow. We found droppings some forty-five minutes old. Sud-

denly a warning bellowing began about 100 yards ahead. They had got our wind but did not see us, and moved off. The wind was bad all along, but we had thought them farther away, as no really warm trail had offered itself. Apparently they had been moving around in circles, with many females and calves, and in their wanderings had come imme-



A prize banting bull

diately in our path. Defosse saw one, but got no shot. We thought it better to back out; it was no place to tangle with a four-ton fond mother, and they were sore.

"On the way toward the station, retracing our steps on the cart track, we found that a group had passed over the road, full in the open, only very shortly after we had earlier in the morning. We

followed them, the country being about 50 per cent open and 50 per cent thorny bamboo thicket along stream beds. We came up to hearing distance of the herd, in which at least two were very large as judged by the footprints. They were deep in very thick, thorny bamboo, so we went to the train and returned to Suoi Kiet. We had simply gone around in circles all morning and were scarcely two kilometers from



A female banting. The gentleman with the mustache is Dick

the station when we heard the second group of elephants.

"We shall be on the trail at 7:00 a. m. again tomorrow. The camp is following us; it will get here tonight some time, by torchlight.

"The next two or three days should finally bring success. I have walked some six hours a day every day since we split camp, and am in quite good con-

dition, but it is hard work. Tonight, however, it is weariness solely of flesh, for I have heard them and smelled them twice today, the nearest by far that we have been since that afternoon by the tinga tinga near Mbulu."

That poor boy chased those animals for five long weeks, and never succeeded in getting a shot!

The rhinoceros is more rare in this particular part of the world, although in his earlier hunting days, Defosse killed one or two every year. But banting, sladang, and wild buffalo are common, particularly in the region of the Lagna Plains, where Waddell and I had such excellent tiger shooting in 1925.

The banting is a beautiful animal, and occasionally one encounters a specimen of monstrous size. Dick and Defosse killed three in one morning; the largest, a bull, must have weighed well over two thousand pounds. They are beautiful animals, their bodies resembling those of Jersey cattle in color, and their legs marked with white "stockings" to the knees. Their horns resemble those of an ordinary domestic bovine but are, of course, much larger.

The sladang more nearly approaches the buffalo in size and coloration. Solitary bulls are frequently encountered, and are much easier stalked than when in a herd.

The wild buffalo look exactly like the tame ones, and only an expert can distinguish between the two. Occasionally, even an expert makes a mistake in diagnosis, which reminds me of a good story that Louis

tells on his father. A widely known yeast manufacturer, who is also an excellent sportsman, was recently shooting in Annam. Lady Luck was proving fickle, and work as they would, the results were discouraging. His wife killed a tiger, but it seemed as if the yeast man himself was booked to go home empty handed. One day he and Defosse started out, determined to find something. Apparently Fate was beginning to smile on their efforts, for about ten miles from camp they saw a small herd of buffalo enjoying a siesta in an old water hole. They crept up, nerves a-tingle, and opened fire. After the fusillade, the yeast man fairly capered with joy—three big buffaloes lay dead at his feet! It was not until his guide and cicerone began to skin the animals and prepare the trophies for the taxidermist that each of the victims was found to have a hole, for a “leading string,” in the cartilage of its nose! Defosse was horrified. He did not know what to say. So he simply grinned, and didn’t say anything. And to this day that California Nimrod does not know that he came near bankrupting some poor old Moi by slaughtering all of his live stock.

For more than two decades, Defosse has been an enthusiastic advocate of the small bore, high-powered rifle. During all those years he stuck to an 8 mm. Lebel, French military model. Many a sly dig has he taken at me because of my confidence in the large caliber, double-barrelled English express rifles. I have used them on all of my big game expeditions,

and have never yet had cause to regret my choice of weapons.

The only two close calls that I have ever had were due to the jamming of repeaters. The most serious was with a wounded buffalo which I once tried to



One of our coolies with his "coup coup," or chopper

photograph while it was charging, and which my shooting partner failed to stop with his .375 Magnum. When he tried to throw the second cartridge in, the action failed to function, and there we were. Many times in my life have I been frightened, but

never before to such a degree. Dermatologically speaking, I felt like the cover on a pigskin trunk. Had the Annamite gun boy failed to drop my heavy double rifle when he fled, I certainly should have died of heart failure then and there.

The other incident occurred on the south slope of Mount Shaba in British East Africa. A very bump-tious and arrogant gentleman rhino had been chasing our safari boys all day, repeatedly breaking through the line and scaring everybody into fits. At last, even our patience was exhausted, and I was selected to challenge the old boy in single combat and bump him off.

In those days I thought a shoulder shot the thing, so I crept close in and gave him the summons. With the crash of the heavy rifle, he fell and rolled over twice, waving his stumpy, playhouse legs in the air. Both of us stood up at the same time. His piggy little eyes spotted me. I got in one more shot, raking him from stem to stern.

In shooting big game it is the first bullet that counts, however, and No. 2 appeared only to stimulate him. I slammed the lever down, and tried to close it. It refused to close. Long ago I learned to cling to my matches, my canteen, and my gun, no matter what happened, but this time I made a mistake, and I had been running for fully a minute, and had covered perhaps half a mile, when I realized that the nine-pound rifle was seriously impeding my progress. So I abandoned it on the hillside. The

canteen was fastened to me or I should have discarded it, too.

Finally a big tree loomed up directly in front of me. I was about all in. I dodged behind the trunk



A group of Moi kiddies.—They dress very simply

and proceeded to make myself as slender as possible. But my long-nosed acquaintance never arrived. He was very sick; we afterward found that the heavy nickel-jacketed bullet had passed through his lungs and cut some of the big vessels, and he had failed to keep his sights properly aligned. Just before

reaching my pet tree, he stumbled, fell and rolled over again, and finally wound up at the bottom of a rocky donga, stamping and bawling, and breathing like a sand pump. But he certainly had given me a run for my money.

At the time of our recent visit, I was glad to discover that my old friend had at last awakened, or had at least begun to "sit up and take notice." He has discarded the tiny 8 mm., and now depends upon one of the new model .404 caliber Mausers, and a .405 Lebel. On my next visit, I expect to find him trotting about with a double-barrelled ejector, as every conservative and well-educated big game hunter should.

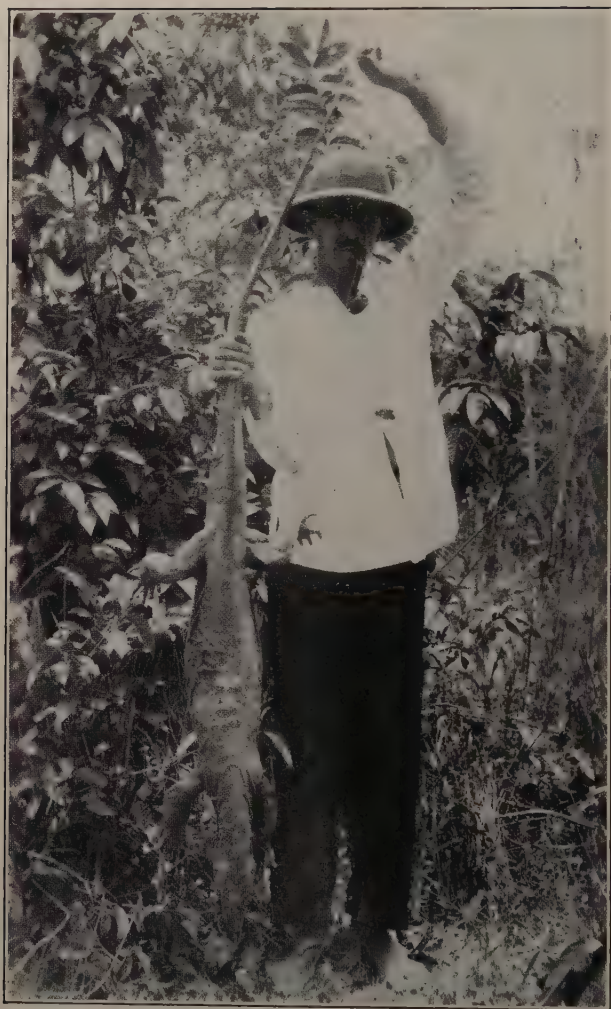
Of the smaller, antlered animals, barking deer are the commonest, although one finds all sorts, from the tiny mouse deer, which the natives kill with crossbows, up through the hog deer family, to the beautiful sambur.

The barking deer is a charming and graceful little creature. The jungle fairly swarms with them. When frightened, they make a noise exactly like that emitted by an Arkansas pot hound when he unexpectedly sits down on a hot cinder.

Peacocks are not as plentiful as they used to be, although we saw a score or more during our two months' stay. They present a striking appearance, and, for a fowl that is burdened with such a wealth of plumage, are both fast and graceful on the wing.

Probably the most striking and unusual of all the

fauna is the varanus. This huge lizard (I have seen specimens which were more than ten feet long) lives on the ground, but can both swim and climb trees. They feed on dead and putrefying animal matter, and are frequent visitors to the tiger baits, particularly after the first four or five days. Inasmuch as it is an unwritten law to shoot only at tiger while hunting tiger, it would be *lése-majesté* to pop away at a caller of less social importance. I have never killed a varanus. But once I came very near it. My intentions certainly were of the best. I was spending a night in a boma, and at about 6:30, a big lizard visited the bait. He was very hungry, and as the buffalo was quite "ripe," he tore off and gulped down huge mouthfuls of the succulent and highly flavored viscera. He appeared to grow and increase in size, right before my eyes. The uncanny looking monsters greatly fear the tigers, and at the slightest movement in the surrounding jungle, they are off like a shot. Something alarmed my caller, and he darted back, making straight for my little palm-leaf shelter! The sun had gone down, and it was deep dusk, but I could see him quite plainly. He rammed his head beneath the fragile front wall, and as it protruded into my small dwelling, I brought the heel of a No. 12 boot down on it, with all my strength. He was the most surprised lizard you ever saw! He must have thought a tree had fallen on him. He wriggled out, and staggered off across the clearing, apparently with his nervous system considerably up-



M. Defosse and J. L. Myers of Manila, capture a seven-foot lizard

set. They are not poisonous, or even dangerous, but this particular one must have been suffering from halitosis, for his visit completely wrecked my appetite.

On another occasion, a snake of some sort made a similar call on me. Defosse and Dick had taken all but one of our electric flash lights with them. I was hoping to get a shot at a tiger by night, so tied the lamp, lens downward, in a tree, overlooking the bait. With a piece of bamboo and some adhesive tape I arranged a sort of trigger, manipulated by a fishline which ran into the boma. When the string was pulled, the light flared, when the tension was released, the bamboo "trigger" sprang back, and the light went out. I had only the one flash light, and in consequence the boma was not provided with one. I do not smoke, and had thoughtlessly neglected to bring matches with me. The night was warm. I could hear the mice and the little lizards scurrying about in the leaves, and among the now dry branches which covered my blind. It was probably ten o'clock when I heard a suspicious, dull, rasping sound in one of the walls. A moment later, the squeak of a frightened wood mouse broke the stillness, and then again I heard the peculiar grating sound. It was a snake! The Lord only knows what sort of a snake, but I was two or three miles from camp, and am cursed with a very active and vivid imagination. At the very least it probably was a king cobra, eleven feet long!

I took a chance of scaring away a tiger, and gave the rustling, leaf-bedecked wall a vigorous kick. Silence, for at least five seemingly endless minutes, and then the reptile started in search of another rodent. The mouse dashed across the floor of the



Dick is justly proud of this fine sambar head

boma, and right across one of my feet. I am not particularly agile, but a microscopic fraction of a second later I was dancing about on the seat of the boma, kicking the walls like a mule in a branding chute. I may have scared away a tiger, but I

couldn't have frightened one any worse than I was myself, and I suspect that the snake was the worst scared of all.

Annam is a malarial pest hole. All of the natives are infected, and try as one will, it is almost impossible for the visitor to escape fever.

In Singapore, the *Stegomyia* is the predominating mosquito; in Annam, Cochin China, and in Laos, it



Annamite timber cutters, with a loaded buffalo cart

is the *Anopheles*. And such husky mosquitoes I have never before seen! An insect of the New Jersey breed is supposed to be a monster, but alongside a healthy, athletic mosquito from Indo-China, a New Jersey *Anopheles* would look like a puny dwarf. One would feel sorry for it, and instead of reaching for a swatter, would probably ring for a saucer of sugar water or other appropriate nourishment.

In practically all cases of chronic malarial infection, the patient's spleen becomes greatly enlarged and indurated. Defosse told us that even a slight blow over the splenic region would prove almost instantly fatal to the average Moi.

The Annamite timber workers who come into the jungles probably suffer the worst. But they are fatalists, and undergo the suffering as a matter of course. They seldom if ever take quinine. The Mois do not like the Annamites, but they are compelled to admire their stoicism, and we are indebted to a Moi poet (I guess he was a Moi), for the following limerick, translated by Louie:

“So here’s to the Annamite gay,
Who enjoys a good chill once a day;
But these men from Annam,
They don’t give a damn,
Because they’re not built that way.”

Which goes to show that a Moi can be a philosopher; even though he is an animist.

Louis Hughes Augustus Defosse



OME time August 10 will be declared a national holiday in Indo-China, for it was on that date, in 1911, that Louis Hughes Augustus Defosse was born. And if he is not destined for greatness, then I am the poorest of prophets.

When I first met Louis, in 1925, he was a skinny little chap, not much bigger than one of the giant mosquitoes of his native land. He was an excellent rider and a splendid shot, even then, and it was he who provided the meat for our table. Never a week passed that he did not kill three or four wild peacocks, and slaughter half a dozen sambur, and a wild pig or two. Armed with a tiny little sawed-off Lebel carbine, which looked like a toy, but had a muzzle energy equal to that of an army Springfield, he would throw his leg across the back of his Lilliputian Annamite steed, and skim off down the trail. Three hours later he would be back, demanding a bullock cart and four porters, and we never could tell what he might bring in until the cortege returned to camp, triumphant.

But whether he was inspecting the suspicious looking wares of an outdoor candy salesman in the market at Saigon, sitting cross-legged, apparently listlessly discussing buffalo prices with the chief of a Moi village, superintending the dismemberment

of a giant banting which had just fallen a victim to his 8. mm. Lebel masterpiece, or playing with a clockwork train, in the isolated camp, far out in the jungle, he was always solemn and dignified, and always hungry. In medicine, we speak of individuals of his type as "nitrogenous men," no matter how much they eat they never grow fat, and invariably



Louis Hughes Augustus Defosse

they have the alert, tiptoe air of a boy whose ear is always cocked for the sound of the dinner bell. When Louie ceased to enjoy his food we always took his temperature, for we knew that he was ill. And with it all he remained as slender as Greta Garbo.

When I saw him this time he had become a man, one of the fish pole variety it is true, but a man nevertheless, in thought, and action, and ability. A faith-

ful little group of Moi followers fairly worship the ground he walks on; to them, his word is law. No matter how difficult or dangerous the task, if Louis gives the order, they are off, like a pack of well-trained dogs. Apparently this confidence in the young master is well founded, for during our two months of close association, I found him as loyal



A Moi crossbowman. Poisoned darts are used

to their interests as they were to his. He never asked them to do an impossible thing, or criticized them for failing, provided they did their best. But when they neglected to obey orders! Once he sent three cartloads of palm leaf over to a new camp, near a native village. The boys asked for permission to remain the night, two of them lived there, and return shortly after daylight on the following morn-

ing. Louis knew his Mois. "Yes, you may," he said, "but you must promise not to touch a drop of rice alcohol while you are there." They promised, and the ox carts rattled off into the forest. The next morning we arose at the usual hour, four-thirty, dressed and ate breakfast. We leisurely ran a rag through the barrels of our rifles, a very necessary precaution, for not infrequently a mud dauber wasp establishes a temporary home in the bore during the night, buckled on our cartridge belts, and were ready to start. But no porters and no carts appeared. An hour later, and still they had not come. Louis was furious. "They lied to me, they lied to me," he kept repeating, as he paced back and forth, in front of the tent. "They promised me that they would not drink, and you will see, all of them will still be full of that rotten rice alcohol."

Louis was a militant prohibitionist. Even at eighteen, he had learned what hard liquor would do to a man. At last, toward eight o'clock, they came, and a more forlorn, God-forsaken crew never crawled into camp! They were trying to sing, but it was more of a croak than a melody that flowed from their parched throats. Their eyes were red, and they staggered when they tried to walk. Louis was calm, and as cold as a piece of ice. "I will fix them," he muttered. "I will remain in camp today, and they will cut and bind palm leaves all day." And that was just what they did. The work is hard, and the sun was hot, but Louis sat in the shade of a big

coki tree, and played slave driver. The poor devils were so sleepy and done out that they moved as if in a trance, but the moment one of them slowed up, Louis was down on him, like a hawk on a chicken,



Louis brings in a fine, large mouse deer

his stinging tongue fairly removing strips of hide as he told the cringing coolie what he thought of him.

It is in the field, however, that the youngster's ability shines brightest. I have never met any one

who possessed such an uncanny power of figuring out what a tiger would probably do. Apparently it was intuitive, for he never stopped to think, and spent little time on intricate plans. We would find a well-marked trail, spotted with the telltale, saucer-sized pad marks. Louis would quickly survey the neighborhood. "He will go but one way," declared the little white hunter; "we will put a loose sambur bait here, beside the trail. 'Tonight he will find it, and drag it over to that arm of jungle which heads down to the swamp. 'Then he will go to the swamp for water, and lay up for the day. 'Tomorrow morning we will come here, and kill a buffalo, and build a boma. 'Then we will drag the rest of the sambur carcass back to the place where he first found it, and when he comes for it, he will find the buffalo bait. That is all, Monsieur le Docteur. It is feenished." And finished it was, his judgment was infallible. At various times we put out six buffalo. Not one of them failed to draw from one to three tigers!

He worked best alone. When with his father, the older man was of course in command, and Louie was not free to act. But a more loyal son never lived. Once he and I were discussing marksmanship. Defosse was formerly a dead shot; he never wasted an extra cartridge. But, like some of the rest of us, after fifty he had become considerably less "deadly." That day he had missed a peacock, at no very great distance, and we were joking about it and also about the experience which M. Defosse and Colonel Theo-

dore Roosevelt, Jr., had had with a tame pig. At a distance of seventy-five yards, Defosse pronounced it a wild boar, and both he and the doughty young Colonel, who is one of the most industrious and best loved sportsmen that ever came to Indo-China, had cut into it with their heavy rifles. The porker did not succumb as promptly as it might, and they had



A Moi plow made wholly of wood. It is used in the soft rice fields

to shoot it five times. Later, to their horror, it was found to be a domestic pig, and the crusty and hard-boiled owner made Defosse pay him fourteen piastres for it!

"That handsome old Dad of yours is slowing up a bit, Louie," I said, jocularly. "Better get him a set of J. Fenimore Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales*, and

let him brush up on marksmanship." Instantly the son was on the defensive. "Oh, M. le Docteur, it is the life, the jungle life," said the young philosopher, sadly. "If only you could know some of the guys that come here to shoot! Mon Dieu! It is awful! They miss tiger (I had failed to hit one myself, two days before), they cannot walk (I had blown up on an elephant trail, the week previous), they kick about the food (Bep, the cook, was a vulture. I had caught him feeding the dogs out of my plate that very morning, and the butter was so strong that with a little preliminary training, it would have successfully competed in any one of the Olympic games), they complain about the ticks, the poor little ticks (I was nursing a boil on my left thigh which had developed following a tick bite, and every day I carried a pillow with me into the boma in order that I might exist in comfort with a second furuncular pet which had recently appeared on another part of my anatomy, and which also was a heritage from one of the bloodthirsty insects), and if you might hear them talk about the mosquitoes! Mater Dolorosa, you would think they spoke of flying dragons (just then a big bull mosquito, with a bill like that of a blue heron, pink eyebrows, and hair roached neatly back from his bulging brow, tried to make off with my hat. I suspect he wanted it for a playhouse for his children, but I needed it far more than they, and I gave him a kick in the ribs, and took it away from him)." A year of argu-

ment would have failed to convince dear Louie, so I subsided.

But I did get one good one on my young friend before we parted. I had told him of the attack of



One of our greatest admirers at Camp Trai

buck ague which assailed me when the two big cats called on me in the boma.

“Oh, but that was foolish, my Docteur. What you should have done was to have kept cool. Cool and calm. You should see me when they growl around

my boma." Two days later, when the time arrived for visiting the baits, I had a temperature of one hundred and five, so Louie agreed to substitute for me. One of the baits had been "touched," and he went on watch at 6:30. The day proved a long one for the high-strung little chap, and shortly after twelve, he decided to take a nap. Hardly had he closed his eyes when a big striped visitor arrived. The tiger prowled about all afternoon, grunting and moaning and growling, but never showed himself in front of the blind. When Louie told me about it, he said, "And do you know, Monsieur le Docteur, my heart just thumped, and thumped, and thumped!" I only smiled, understandingly. Few of us are free from inconsistency, and none of us at eighteen.

The Jungle Men



TO ME, the scattered Moi tribes, commonly regarded as the savages or barbarians of French Indo-China, have long been an interesting study. Of their origin, no one could possibly be more ignorant than the natives themselves. They have no literature, and their tribal legends are so warped and twisted that the wisest of historians could not possibly make head or tail out of them.

Their wants are of the simplest. Each little community lives unto itself, not unlike the tribes of ancient Israel; in fact, at a single turn of the wheel, the observer seems to have stepped back into the days when the world was young.

Numbering only a few thousands, their distribution is confined mainly to southern Annam and Laos, and the northeastern quadrant of Cochin China. They have few white contacts, for probably less than a score of the French frontiersmen have taken the trouble to master even a single Moi dialect, let alone obtain an intelligent knowledge of a Moi vocabulary sufficient to cover the entire field.

Unfortunately, so complicated is the descent and so sparse the distribution of many of the units that not infrequently two neighboring villages can carry on verbal communication only through an intermediate tongue, Annamite.

While their habits, beliefs, and mode of living are

practically identical, apparently there is no appreciation of the benefits of unity, and each little village has its own chief, who, in turn, is responsible to the all-powerful French Colonial Government,



A typical Moi coolie —

its own "medicine man," and, generally, its own dialect.

Practically all of the information that I have been able to collect was supplied by Louis, who has a fluent knowledge of three of the dialects, and is,

through his mother, an Annamite scholar as well. My contacts have been in the Trai sector, bounded by the Tan Linh Mountains on the west, the Nui Ong Range on the southeast, and the Lagna and the Song Gieng Rivers on the north.



Husking rice

Here the altitude is from 1,000 to 1,500 feet, and while it is quite warm in the middle of the day, the nights are cool.

May, June, and July are the rainy months, and

during this season all of the flats and savannas are under water. For this reason, and because of the close proximity and constant presence of ferocious wild animals, particularly tigers, and of poisonous snakes, the houses are built on "stilts," eight or ten feet above the ground. Single residences are rare. As a rule, the inhabitants of an entire "village" oc-

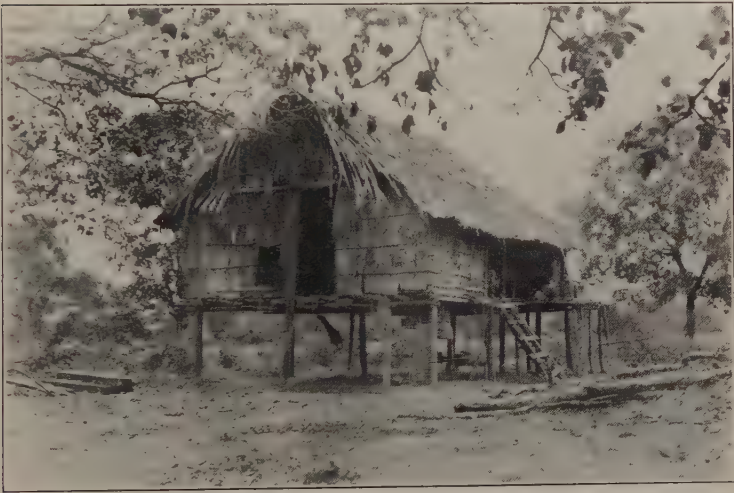


A Moi coolie with two fish traps

cupy small compartments in a single long, one-story building. Admittance is gained by means of a ladder, at one end, and when the last person enters at night, the stairway is pulled in, and the loose shutter, which serves as a door, is put in place, and firmly fastened by means of crossbars and rattan withes. The houses are made of palm leaves and bamboo, and there are no windows. Cooking is done over an

earthenware pot of coals in the "community kitchen," and there is no chimney. As a result, the smoke often is so thick that it could be cut with a knife, and, because of the irritation to which its presence gives rise, conjunctivitis is common.

The villages are always located near a stream of fresh water. The natives, of course, have very prim-



A Moi dwelling of the better class

itive ideas of hygiene, and as the water is never boiled before drinking, it is a marvel that all of them do not die from typhoid, dysentery, and kindred ailments. But long and continued exposure to infection appears to have immunized them against almost everything except malaria and the acute exanthemata. Many die of paludism, and at longer

or shorter intervals, an epidemic of smallpox sweeps over the district, and invariably takes its toll.

Cancer is uncommon, despite the almost universal practice of betel chewing, and instances of "blood



"Bep," our cook. He was no prize winner. Note palm-leaf "buckets"

poisoning" are rare. It is remarkably easy for a white visitor to contract a nasty case of skin infection from a well-ripened buffalo bait, but I have seen coolies whose hands were marked by deep scratches and even open wounds manipulate a carcass with-

out hesitation, and apparently with no resulting harm to themselves.

The valley soil is black and rich, and heavy crops of rice and tobacco are easily grown. Fish are netted



A Cupid of the jungle. Note tiny crossbow

or trapped in the near-by streams, and rice and fish constitute the principal articles of diet. Pigs, goats, and chickens are raised, but only for sacrificial purposes. Buffalo are used as draft animals, and in every village one finds a community buffalo cart, con-

structed wholly of timber, strips of rattan serving in the place of bolts and nails, with wheels of tough savwood, five feet or more in diameter.

Some of the men are experts with the axe, and while the majority of the professional timber cutters and loggers are Annamites from the neighboring railway towns and from Phantiet, the Mois can



Moi children are affectionate and attractive

do much of their own building and construction work if they feel so inclined.

As explained in a previous chapter, they greatly fear and dislike "ong cop," the tiger. For some strange reason, the elephant does not share this dislike, despite the fact that a visit from the huge pachyderms generally proves disastrous to a village.

I have always thought the elephant possessed an excellent sense of humor—often one can see a gleam of laughter in the eye of a domesticated one when he is in high spirits—but the thorough manner in which a bunch of them can wreck a camp or destroy a native village is anything but humorous. It is more suggestive of deviltry.

The average Moi is of medium height, and stockily built. They appear athletic, but I have yet to meet one who could successfully pit his strength against that of a white man. Their skins are brown, and they have long, straight black hair which is allowed to grow, and which they wear in a loose knot on the backs of their heads. There is very little hair on their cheeks, or bodies. Their faces are of a modified Mongolian type, and many of the men are quite handsome, although somewhat effeminate in appearance. The men do not pierce their ears, but both men and women are fond of bright beads.

Mentally, they are not very alert, and I should judge the average intelligence to be equal to that of a European child of ten.

Their communistic mode of life does not tend to stimulate ambition, and it is rare to find a Moi who is economically more than about three jumps ahead of absolute poverty. For instance, the safari coolies will say of a village chief, "Ah, he is a rich man. He owns three fine buffaloes!" At the most, a buffalo is worth seventy-five or eighty piastres (about forty dollars, gold). We used carts for transporta-

tion, and I took with me to camp a heavy gun trunk. "The big master must be very rich," the boys would say. "Just think of owning a big strong box like that to carry your property in!" While all of our



A Moi flapper —

personal followers were absolutely honest and dependable, some of the Mois, I am sorry to say, were not. One old village captain in particular, who lived near by, had a very unsavory reputation. In fact, he was a professional "cattle lifter." A few years

before, he had become so troublesome that Defosse preferred charges against him, and he spent thirty months in the Phantiet jail. The sentence was for three years, but the old man proved so exemplary a prisoner, that our tender-hearted white hunter in-



A fine little Annamite boy, with a wicker fish trap

tervened in his behalf, and the skinny old reprobate was paroled to him. The culprit proved very grateful, and now every time he steals a bunch of hogs, he always carries one over and gives it to Defosse!

In the matter of religion, the Mois are rank animists. Everything from ground squirrels to ele-

phants possesses a "spirit," and even the trees are not wholly devoid of soul.

They are firm believers in witchcraft and sorcery, and, as a rule, the village medicine man is almost a



"Dok," a famous medicine man, holding aloft a mouse deer. Disc wheels are popular in Annam

tutulary deity. These cunning gentlemen fully realize and appreciate the responsibility of their position, and the benefits to be derived therefrom, and more thoroughgoing rascals it would be hard to find in a long day's march.

When a native becomes ill, he promptly sends for the medicine man, or "witch chaser." One must give these cunning sages credit for at least knowing when to let well enough alone, and I have yet to see one who deliberately did anything that might injure his victim. The sins which they commit are those of omission rather than commission.

First he arranges the matter of the fee. The amount varies with the nature and severity of the illness, and particularly with the financial status of the patient. If the unfortunate individual is very poor, the "service" may cost him no more than a few twists of tobacco or a small goat, but if he is a wealthy man, and especially if he is badly frightened, he is fortunate if he gets off with less than several bushels of rice, a pig, or even a buffalo. The fee having been decided upon, and collected, the "cure" starts, and if labor and skill were synonymous, the old fraud certainly would earn his money. He dances and he sings, he whoops and he yells, he mutters and he groans, he draws fire circles, and crosses and squares, then he takes a good stiff drink of rice alcohol, and starts all over again. And you may take it from one who knows, there is very little sleep for a sportsman who is camped near one of these temporary Moi hospitals until the patient either gets well, or dies.

And should he die, one may hopefully look forward to another twenty-four hours of bedlam. The minute life departs, a vampire-like spirit is released,

and no respectable Moi will take any chances with a ghost, day or night. After an alcoholic orgy, the relatives and friends sew the corpse up in a piece of matting, or place it in a hollowed out tree trunk,



The chief musician at a Moi wake

and carry it to the burying ground, which is always located several miles from the village.

The trail must be a crooked one, and it should cross running water several times. This is safest, for no ghost will knowingly ford a running stream. In order further to safeguard the village, a number of little spirit "rest houses" are built at intervals

along the path. These are really miniature Moi houses, and are constructed in the hope that the troubled spirit will be beguiled into stopping by the wayside. In order to render them more attractive,



A ghost "rest house" on the graveyard trail

for twelve months they are supplied with provisions—rice, dried fish, and bottles of water or of rice alcohol. Unfortunately, the crows, those sauciest and most impudent of birds, which fear neither ghost nor devil, occasionally steal this food. Conse-

quently, outside a "spirit rest house," one often finds a small, toy crossbow. The coolies assured me that no crow would approach a rest house which was so protected.

The Mois have many taboos. Their domestic government smacks of matriarchy. They are not polyandrists, but the mother-in-law certainly is the boss. When a couple marry, they move into the house of the bride's parents, and all property rights remain with the mother. It is considered very bad form to praise a child in the presence of its female parent. This taboo was constantly getting me into trouble. I am very fond of children, and as all of the Moi kiddies smoke (I have seen a child of three crying bitterly because its grandfather took a cigarette away from it), I always carried a packet of Camels and a handful of pennies about with me. In consequence, the little folks and I quickly became friends.

They were attractive youngsters, and when I would pat them on the head and tell their parents how smart they were, their mothers did not appear pleased. I spoke to Louis about it, and he told me the reason. Then he told the women that in my country it was considered a great compliment to praise a child to its mother. After that, they appeared less resentful, but they never grew to approve of it. The superstition was too strong.

Ethnologically, the Mois are probably the aborigines of Indo-China. They apparently represent a

migratory movement from the west, Malaya, for in their physical characteristics they are quite similar to the inhabitants of the Malay peninsula. Their language is basically similar both to Malay and to the Cambodian of the related peoples of the west.



A four-year-old miss who really appreciated a good cigarette

Differing from the Chinese and the Annamite, their words do not depend for their meaning upon pitch or vocal inflection, but differing from Malay, their speech is monosyllabic. The Malay "puloh,"

meaning tea, is squeezed to the single syllable "ploh" in the Moi's dialect, and similar contractions are common. This may be interpreted as being the result of Annamite influence. The young Moi is given



Winnowing rice

a single monosyllabic name, such as "Yaow," "Trang," or "Minh," which may or may not mean something besides simply a sound to which one answers. "Minh," for example, signifies sambur, a deer. There is no family name, yet because of the

limited size of the circle of acquaintances of any particular Moi, and in the absence of special individual skill, free communication, or advertising, the short,



A Moi with his grandchildren

simple name is sufficiently distinctive, and serves to prevent mistakes of identity.

A married woman retains her original cognomen, being called after the ceremony exactly as she was before.

At one time it was thought that the Mois were doomed to disintegration, and ultimate extinction. Inter-marriage, inability to cope successfully with modern economic problems, and lack of resistance



A charming little Moi maiden

to disease—all were suggested as contributory factors. But on my recent visit it appeared to me that they were in much better condition, economically and physically, than when I first saw them, many years ago. A decadent race they certainly are, but

in so far as their future is concerned, I feel that there is little to fear. From the dangers of intermarriage they are protected by their taboos, modern methods of transportation have given them nearer and readier markets for their products, and a paternal Government is doing its utmost to convert them to a more healthful mode of living.

Superior in every respect to their more sophisticated neighbors, the Annamites and the Cambodians, they are a people who deserve much consideration, and those of us who have learned to know and appreciate their fine qualities, will always think of them with affection and respect.

Transportation and Equipment



THE majority of us Americans are always pressed for want of time. Personally, I plead guilty, for all my life I have had to keep up with the clock.

Bearing in mind this fact, it is well to arrange the steamer schedule in such a way that the minimal amount of time will be lost between New York and Africa. Of course one must not cut the calendar too closely, but a little careful planning will enable one to add easily an extra fortnight to the length of the safari.

In the past, arms and ammunition have always been a source of worry to me, and on the expedition described in this book, we took on an additional responsibility. We carried with us half a dozen wooden boxes filled with flares, for photographic work at night.

I have seen steamship officials sidestep suspicious looking packages before, but never have I seen them scan a stack of personal belongings as they did that pile of pine boxes, each of which was ornately decorated in bright red paint with the legend "Fireworks," on the Gotham docks the day the "Resolute" sailed. The commander, Captain Kruse, was a brave man, with a splendid and heroic record in the World War, but he afterward confided to me that the sight of those boxes caused his blood pressure to top the 200 mark.

All day long they lay on the dock, chaperoned by another suspicious looking box, which contained a few hundred elephant cartridges, and every hour or two I would hunt up some responsible looking official and plead with him to have them stowed aboard. Finally, Mr. George Petroll himself came down to the wharf to see us off, and apparently he knew what button to press, for twenty minutes later my precious little cargo was sound asleep in a metal paint locker on the forward deck. Unfortunately, the flares failed to fulfill expectations; when fired, they had an embarrassing way of giving a preliminary hiccough or two before exploding, and at the first "pst!" every hyena in the vicinity would make a wild break for the neighboring Protectorate of Uganda. So we shall never again have to worry about a similar cargo.

We live to learn, and now I realize that the only sensible way is for the sportsman to purchase his ammunition at Arusha or in Nairobi. On a month's notice, Schlottmann, of Arusha, can supply anything up to cartridges suitable for a tank gun, and Shaw and Hunter always keep a large and fresh supply on hand. Never again will I trail off to the Dark Continent with a box of torpedoes under my arm.

Guns, so long as one keeps out of nervous and temperamental France, should not prove embarrassing. On reaching port, they should be declared, and the trunk containing them turned over to the Customs for safe-keeping.

With these items off the list, one's troubles are minimized. For that reason, I would suggest a boat of the Holland line, or one of the new Italian steamers, from New York to Genoa, with transshipment at Genoa to one of the East African liners, German, British, or Italian. On our last trip, the Deutsche-Ost Afrika organization gave us excellent service,



A Batak kompong in Sumatra. Several families occupy the one building

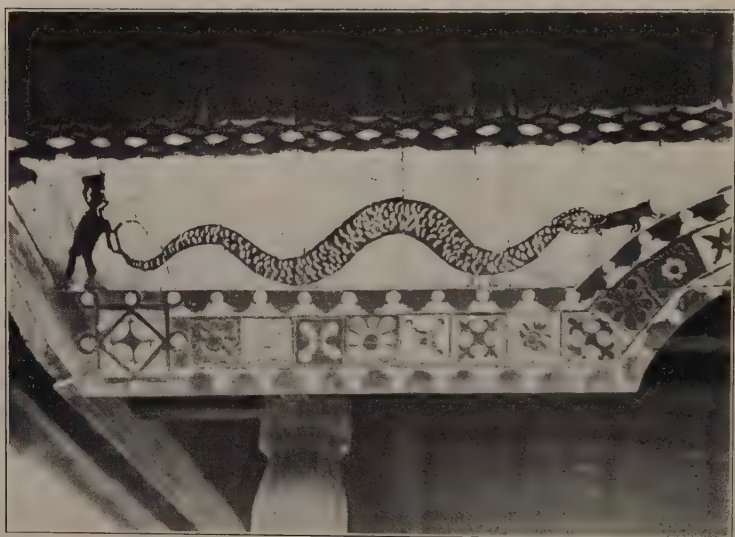
and I have nothing but praise for it. If one is so fortunate as to fall into the hospitable hands of Captain Seibel, and his associate, Mr. Klein, then a pleasant and comfortable voyage is assured.

At the conclusion of the shooting trip, one can return by the same route, or, at but little greater cost of time and money, one can continue the voyage and circle the globe.

The British India Steamship Company has an excellent service between East Africa and India, with sailings once a fortnight. Unfortunately, there is no direct line from Bombay to Singapore, and one is compelled to cross India, in order to reach Calcutta, where boat transportation is again available. And only a person who has had to carry a nest of heavy trunks across this delightful part of the British Empire can appreciate the joy (and the expense!) associated therewith. If one feels that he must visit India, ship the heavy luggage directly to Singapore, and travel light.

It was while we were in Mombasa on our way out that we learned of a Japanese Steamship Company, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, which has a monthly service between Mombasa, Singapore, and Kobe. The ships are freighters, of from 5,000 to 6,000 tons, and the first-class passenger list is restricted to six; but the food is excellent, and the service all that the most fastidious could desire. Our commander, Captain Mory, was one of the most versatile, as well as most hospitable, gentlemen that I have ever encountered, and as we were so fortunate as to have as fellow-travelers, Major and Mrs. H. B. Bates, of Shanghai, General S. H. Charrington, of Kenya, and Mrs. C. Weber, of Batavia and The Hague, the voyage was more like a yachting cruise than a journey on an ordinary steamship. Reservations on this line should be made as early as possible, for there is always a long waiting list.

From Singapore to Saigon one has the choice of the two French lines, and while waiting for the steamer one can take a look at the Federated Malay States (daily train service), or run over to Sumatra or Java for a look at the rich and prosperous Dutch possessions.



Detail of ornamentation on a Batak dwelling

The steamers, which resemble huge, white enameled excursion boats, are as good as any in the world, and are as famous for their cuisine as they are for the quality of their beer.

From Saigon to Hongkong, one should book passage on a *Messageries Maritimes* boat. I once made the trip on a scrubby little freighter of the Wo Fat Sing Line, but I have never felt the same since. They

didn't really want to take Leonard Waddell, my shooting partner, and me, but we were in a hurry, and when a Missourian gets in a hurry, he loses all sense of judgment and responsibility. Fortunately, the captain, a fine young Britisher, and his charming wife (who had bravely shipped as stewardess, in order to be with her husband) were good to us, and that saved our lives. Our fellow-passengers were a hundred or more live sheep, penned on the forward deck, just outside our one and only porthole, and some eleven thousand chickens and ducks, confined in bamboo cages, on the poop. At least we did not suffer from ennui.

Once Hongkong is reached, one's steamship troubles are at an end. The Dollar line is the world's best, and the big Japanese company runs it a close second.

It is hot in the Mediterranean and Red Seas, and two or three Palm Beach or silk suits should always be taken. Helmets and terai (double felt) hats are best purchased at the Simon Arzt Store, Port Said.

Do not neglect to include a tuxedo, and a plentiful supply of dress shirts and collars in your outfit. Comfortable footwear also is absolutely essential, and Bean's shooting boots are unbeatable. Shoes for deck use should have non-slip soles, but rubber-tired gymnasium sneakers are an abomination.

The letter of credit should be in English pounds, and a supplementary book of traveler's checks will save a lot of time and worry.

The best hunting season in Tanganyika for the outlander is from July to November. It is then that the "short rains" begin, to be followed by the "long rains," when the roads are practically impassable for motor cars, in March, April, and May.

The best port of entry is Tanga. The customs charges are low. The duty on cartridges and film is not returnable, but that on guns is (unless one desires to enter them permanently), and Mr. C. M. Clark, the chief customs officer, was so kind as to refund ours, in cash, before we left Tanganyika. No duty is charged on cameras. One must have permission to export exposed moving picture film, however, and a request for this permission, together with a copy of the applicant's credentials, should be forwarded to the secretariat, Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika, on one's way in.

I cannot too strongly recommend the Coastal Trading Company of Tanga as agent for the newcomer. There may be finer men in the world than Mr. Thomas, its head, but if so, I have never met them. He is indeed a most admirable gentleman.

One carries upcountry only the essential articles of clothing, bedding, guns, ammunition, cameras, film, and binoculars. Two pairs of previously used, and well oiled, shooting boots should be taken, a plentiful supply of soft woollen socks, six suits of underwear, two pairs of riding breeches, and two flannel shirts. A soft leather jacket, and a Bean's rain cape are indispensable. Blankets, sheets, pil-

lows and cases had best be brought from home, as on the Tanganyika trains no bedding is supplied, and the articles will be needed immediately after landing. Almeida and Menezes, next to the Africa House, in



This Batak lady was carrying a pig in the main street of Brastagi. She had a baby on her back.

Tanga, give excellent twenty-four-hour tailoring service, and a well-fitting khaki suit costs only \$7.00!

A couple of aluminum canteens is a profitable investment. Two or three canvas duffle bags, with

locks, will always come in handy. "Uniform cases" are expensive and cumbersome, and of little value after the safari is over. We found the metal-covered "touring hand trunks," made by the Miller Trunk Company, of Waco, Texas, convenient, durable, and inexpensive.

If one wears spectacles, at least two extra pairs should always be carried. I have known of instances in which an accident to the only pair of glasses that had been brought, completely spoiled the trip.

With respect to binoculars, I can recommend the Zeiss "Binocor" in the highest possible terms. While a trifle heavy and cumbersome, they are of the greatest value, particularly when the light is poor.

The proper selection of a white hunter probably is the most difficult question of all. The success of the expedition is largely dependent upon the skill and industry of the guide. He should not be too old or too young. If too old, he is liable to become ill and indisposed, or he may be overconservative, and lacking in initiative. If too young, he may be lacking in experience, or, worst of all, he may be one of those wretched individuals who want to get rich quick. God help you when you fall into the hands of such a person. But the fact should always be borne in mind that the owner of the safari is the commander-in-chief, and he should never hesitate to exercise his prerogative.

When I again return to Tanganyika, I shall previously write to some responsible and sophisticated friend, as Mr. Ray Ulyate, of the Arusha Hotel, Arusha, and ask him to secure for me an experienced and dependable white hunter. With that city as base, and a light safari wagon for transportation, I feel sure that one could have the best of shooting within a radius of less than one hundred miles.

Licenses may be purchased at any district boma; seventy-five pounds for a Full Visitor's permit, and four hundred shillings, refundable in case one does not get a shot, for the first elephant license.

With the majority of sportsmen, the gun question is one of great moment, and for this reason I have left it until the last. Few men have owned more, or a greater variety of guns than I, and even in middle life, when closely tied down by professional responsibilities, I have secured many a thrill from the purchase of a new weapon. In my opinion, the finest and best gun in the world is a Grade A double rifle of London make. At various times I have owned a dozen of them, and I have been privileged to target at least a dozen more, and never have I seen a faulty or imperfect one. In every way, they are most admirable.

For the man who plans to do much big game hunting, such a weapon is indispensable. The first cost is considerable, and almost doubled by the heavy import duty, but frequently one can pick up a bargain in a used weapon which has already reached

America. Once I was so fortunate, the gun being a best grade, .450-.400 Cordite, Jeffrey ejector. It was used by my dear friend Leonard Waddell, in Indo-China, in 1925-26. With it he killed an elephant, at one hundred and forty measured yards, and it was the same efficient little weapon with which my son killed his first rhino. It now belongs to him, and he treasures it very highly, indeed. It has 24-inch barrels, and weighs only nine pounds. It handles with the speed and facility of a well-balanced double shotgun.

My son's second rifle, a .600 double ejector, is also a Jeffrey, but is too heavy for ordinary field use. I always chuckle when I see a group of new gun-bearers examining that gun. Invariably they endeavor to give it a wide berth. And I should, too, if I were a gun boy, for it weighs eighteen pounds. But its 110 grains of powder, and 900 grain bullet carry a tremendous wallop, and it gives an excellent and comforting assurance when one is pursuing a wounded elephant or buffalo, or even a rhino, in thick thorn.

For years, I have shot a .465 Holland and Holland. Their rifles fit me, they handle well, and I have every confidence in them. My second rifle, a .577 Westley Richards, shares the faults of Dick's big Jeffrey. For the average individual, it is simply too much gun. But it is absolutely dependable, and a fine and satisfying working tool.

Of the various magazine rifles, in Africa, the

Mauser now has the call. New weapons of other makes are comparatively rare. The Winchester, once so popular on our western plains, is almost a curiosity in Africa. During the many weeks of our



A Batak butcher who formerly practiced cannibalism

stay in Tanganyika, Kenya, and Uganda, we did not see a single Winchester. This desertion cannot be due to the quality of the gun, for a low-grade Winchester was never built, but is, I believe, a result of

the comparatively low power ammunition commonly employed.

African game is notoriously hard to kill, and I have seen a Grant's gazelle, a dainty little animal weighing less than a hundred pounds, staggering along with no less than six .30-'06 caliber bullet holes through its neck, shoulders, abdomen, and leg! For the man who can place his bullets exactly on the right spot, a 7 mm. or a .30 caliber cartridge, with a short, light bullet, may be all right, but for the average marksman, which means me, and probably you, more powerful ammunition is absolutely essential.

The .318 Westley Richards, with a 280-grain bullet, is the most popular of all British magazine rifles, but the gun which now has the greatest vogue in all East Africa is undoubtedly the 9.3 mm. Mauser. The ammunition is inexpensive, and can be purchased almost anywhere, and experienced hunters, such as Prinzloo and my old and much admired friend, Wolf, of Hanover, kill everything with it, from dik-dik to elephant.

Mauser is now manufacturing a large bore weapon, of .404 caliber, but it will be a long time before another caliber supplants the old reliable 9.3 mm.

With respect to cameras, there is but one choice. We took with us three Graflexes, and one "view" camera, a 5 by 7, of the most expensive and supposedly best German make. The view camera proved

so cumbersome and impractical that less than a dozen pictures were made with it during the entire nine months. It was as nearly useless as anything



Civil Engineer E. Wolf, of Hanöver, Germany. A famous big game hunter in Norway and in East Africa

that I have ever carted about with me on an expedition.

The Graflex instruments, on the other hand, filled every possible need. They were from stock, a 5 by 7, and two of the 4 by 5 size. Hot or cold, wet or

dry, not one of the three ever failed to function, and when used with Eastman film packs they were well-nigh perfect. Of eighteen hundred exposures, more than 96 per cent proved satisfactory. A Justophot light meter was used, and sometimes it proved indispensable.

On every succeeding trip, I take cameras of large size. While the Series D., 4 by 5 Graflex is a most admirable machine, and because of its convenient size, probably is the best for all around use, the next time I shall carry only two, both being for 5 by 7 film, one of the regular models, and one of the "portrait" type, with revolving back. The latter is an extremely valuable feature. Unfortunately, it adds considerably to both the weight and bulk of the machine. Many people object to reflex cameras because of their size, but if one is seriously to consider a camera at all, a reliable and dependable instrument is the only one that is really worth while.

We found lenses of f 4.5 speed amply fast. The most important of all factors in good photography is not speed, but the size of the diaphragm opening used, and absolute lack of camera movement.

The majority of our pictures were made at f 8. and f 11., but many were taken at f 16. and even f 22. or smaller. In many instances, a tripod is absolutely essential. In photographing moving objects, it is necessary to open the diaphragm to its fullest extent, and if you would stop all motion, and particularly motion of a near-by object, an exposure

of $1/200$ of a second or less, better $1/300$ of a second, is barely fast enough.

The selection of a 16 mm. moving picture camera was given much thought and experimental study. A Ciné B, with an f 1.9 lens, and two Wollensack telephoto lenses, a three and three quarter and a six-inch, finally were chosen. We never had cause to regret our choice. In the use of movie film particularly accurate exposure time is necessary. For this reason, a Cinophot should always be carried.

At the end of a long and strenuous expedition, there is nothing quite so pleasing or satisfactory as a large and complete collection of good photographs. For this reason, if no other, I would strongly urge every prospective tourist to equip himself with an American reflex camera of ample size, and learn how to use it before he leaves home.







